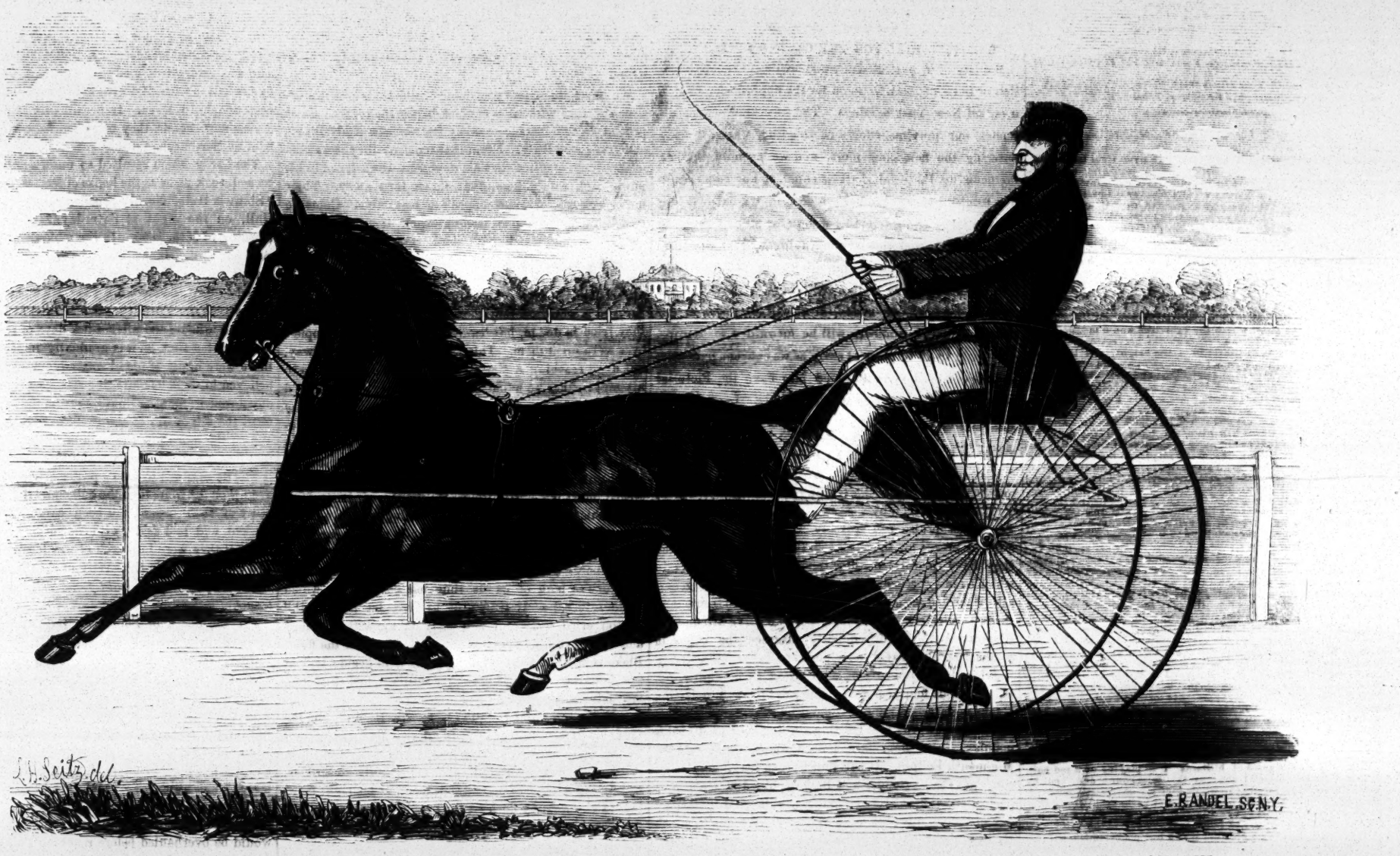
NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. IV.—No. 29. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856. Four Cents.



"JENNY JONES," (BY BLACK BASHAW, AND OWN SISTER TO THE YOUNG STALLION "LIGHTNING,") DRIVEN BY JOEL CONKLIN.

THE LOST RING;

Or, The Game of Pawns.

A TALE OF ASTOUNDING MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW-YORK CLIPPER.

BY SIM W——.

NOTE.—In the following tale the author pledges his reputation as to the veracity of every incident which occurs in it—the tale, not the reputation. The event came under his personal observation, and the unhappy hero and heroine are, at present, living in profound grief and melancholy in an asylum expressly built for their habitation. The astonished reader may well exclaim, with the Immortal Bard: "Can such things be, and come upon us like a summer cloud!"

"When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons—they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

About twenty years ago, in the northern part of England, or, it might have been in the southern part of Scotland, there happened a singular event which was long involved in the profoundest mystery, till, a few years since, chance brought to light the darkness with which the event was enshrowded. At the time of its occurrence numerous versions were given of the story, not one of which contained the correct statement of facts; but the reader of the CLIPPER may rely upon the present narrative as strictly true.

Mr. Sommerandyke, when a young man, was married to a young and lovely woman, to whom he was fondly attached. It would be impossible to give a perfect description of this beautiful pair; it will suffice to say that Mr. Sommerandyke was a model of symmetry and manly beauty, and his charming spouse embodied in her person the beauty of Venus, the stateliness of Juno, and the wisdom of Minerva. "Thrice happy pair!"

A party of friends, attached to the family, were invited to pass some days with them, at the husband's country mansion, to celebrate the happy event. The reader may believe the offer was readily accepted by the many congratulating friends, and in the evening of the marriage celebration, the party, after discussing the numerous luxuries provided by the happy couple, began to amuse themselves with playing "*pawns*." During the game, "going" ring was redeemed with the exception of the wedding, and the guests were a long time employed in search for it, wondering where it could be hid. Not being able to find it, nor obtaining any answer to their queries, they became alarmed, and every body, *with all the servants*, were engaged in the search. The house was ransacked from the attic to the cellar. The garden, the grounds about, everything was explored in vain. Thinking it might have been stolen by one of the servants, notice was left at the jewelers' shops in the neighboring town to stop it if it should be offered for sale. But nothing could be heard relative to the whereabouts of the lost ring, and the husband and wife lamented their unexpected misfortune, and were always tortured at the mere mention of this mysterious loss. Great was the lamentation thereof.

Time rolled on apace, and, after a lapse of ten years, a large *gold fish*, which had been a favorite of Mrs. Sommerandyke, died; she recollected approaching the open glass vessel, containing the golen specimen of the finny tribe, when she played pawns on her memorable marriage night, ten years before. The thought flashed across her excited brain like chain lightning through a huge sombre bank of clouds. Could it be? Frequent perusals of sundry fairy tales had impressed upon her mind the feasibility of such an occurrence. Moreover, she had dreamed one night, after she had fallen asleep, reading Don Leander's adventures, that the above-mentioned gold fish swallowed her ring. Having implicit faith in the prognostication of dreams, Mrs. Sommerandyke determined to cause the fish to be opened, and a *post-mortem* examination held on it. Notice was given to her friends, and on the following day they were assembled in the parlor of the magnificent mansion, to witness the operation of dissecting, as performed by a distinguished surgeon of the town. On removing a part of the entrails, just in that peculiar place where she had dreamed the lost ring had lodged, what, gentle reader, or ungentle, just as you may be, do you imagine was discovered in that identical spot? Ay, what was found there? Why, you exclaim unhesitatingly, the lost ring to be sure. Unsophisticated reader; no such thing; they found nothing, verily nothing. As the proverb hath it: *Ex nihilo, nihil fit;* or, in plain English, it is all humbug to believe in fairy tales or dreams, which, as the immortal Shakespeare says,

"Are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind."

THE MAGICAL MANGO.

A WRITER in Chambers' Journal, thus explains one of the most wonderful of the many tricks of the jugglers of India: "Everybody has heard of the Indian juggler's trick of producing a young mango tree from a seed which he takes from his bag, and submits to your examination. The seed is sound and fit for planting. The juggler collects a quantity of earth, moistens it with water, and taking a mango-stone from his bag, plants it in the earth he has prepared. Over all he places a moderate sized round basket, upon which he spreads his cloth, or a native blanket. After an interval of discordant music and incantation, the cloth and basket are removed, the muddy seed is taken from the earth, and you observe that long, slender white fibres, forming the root, have suddenly shot out. Again it is planted, and covered as before, and the music becomes more discordant, and the incantation more furious. At length the charm is complete, and the removal of the basket displays a young and tender shoot, with two opening leaves at its summit. Exclamations of surprise from the bystanders, and satisfaction from the band of jugglers, complete the second act. Again all is covered up anew; and the ear-splitting music goes on. Suddenly the coverings are removed, and, to the amazement and delight of all, the first shoot of a young mango tree, with its small light-colored leaves, makes its appearance. Seven years ago I was the spectator of such a scene at Madras, where I had gone on sick leave, and was glad of any amusement to relieve the monotony of a forced confinement to the house. I had a shrewd suspicion that, if I could examine this tree of miraculous growth, it would turn out a simple affair. Acting on this idea, I suddenly seized it, and, in spite of the clamor of the jugglers, bore it off. It certainly had the appearance of a real mango-shoot. There was the dirty stone, wet and discolored, with the earth clinging to it. From its lower part, the white fibres of the recent root streamed out with a most natural appearance, whilst from the upper side sprang a perfect young shoot, six or eight inches in height, with the leaves in their earliest growth. A basin of water solved the mystery, for, on washing the stone, I found it old and dry, and split down on one side. From its cavity I took out a small bundle of grass roots, one end of which was tied with thread, and withdrew the young shoot of the mango from the top of the stone. Here you have only one part of the apparatus of deception. It is perfected in the following manner: The mango, an evergreen, growing in almost every large garden in India. A confederate first pulls a sufficient quantity of the roots of grass, which are white, long, and fibrous, and resemble the first growth of roots from the mango-seed. He ties them up, inserts the tie end in the cleft stone, and gives them secretly with the cloth to his chief, who plants a mango stone before your eyes, and whilst putting the cloth over the basket, dexterously withdraws it, and substitutes the stone with the roots. The moist earth in which it is buried removes all appearance of deception. Again the confederate is ready with his progressive slips of mango, which, at every removal of the basket, he contrives to place within reach of the operator without being seen; and the latter, in his manipulations whilst covering up the basket with the cloth, slips them into the upper part of the slit in the mango-stone. The same process may be continued so as to give you the fruit growing in its various stages, but this, of course, must depend on the trick being performed in the fruit-season. I was twenty-three years in India, and never met with anybody who could explain the *modus operandi* of this trick, though almost all—not all, felt that it was a trick.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

IN Captain Marcy's Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana, are given some interesting facts about that singular animal, the prairie dog. He says: "Passing through these dog villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers, sitting at the entrance of their subterranean dwellings, presenting so much the appearance of stumps of small trees, and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded with the busy hum of a city." The immense number of animals in some of these towns, may be conjectured from the large space they sometimes cover. Captain Marcy passed one of these towns, twenty-five miles in length, and supposing it to be as large in other directions, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and nine-six thousand acres. Estimating the holes at twenty yards apart, the usual distance, and each dwelling occupied by four or five dogs, the whole population of this track would be in round numbers, forty millions of dogs. The food of these animals consists principally of a coarse, wiry grass, which grows in abundance on elevated plains, often many miles from any water, which does not seem necessary to their existence. About the last of October, the prairie dog carefully closes all the passages to his habitation, and turns in for a long nap. He keeps housed until the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstructions in front of his door and emerges full of life, fun and frolic. The rattlesnake is often an inmate of their dwellings, and sometimes preys on them when hungry!

HE whose soul does not sing, need not try to do so with his throat.

NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA!

THIS favorite American Sporting Newspaper is published every Thursday morning, and may be had of all News Dealers through out the United States. It contains reports of

THE PRIZE RING,	THE TURF,	FEATS OF STRENGTH,
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Six cents per line, for each and every insertion.

Sporting advertisements, or those of interest to the sporting community, only solicited.

Payment to be made in advance, except in those cases where the parties are directly known to us.

Notices, of Sporting Events to come, or, of those that may have taken place, inserted gratuitously.

All matter intended for insertion in that week's issue, must be sent in by Tuesday noon.

QUEEN & JONES, PROPRIETORS,
No. 102 Nassau Street, Third Floor, Room No. 11.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 103 Nassau st., N. Y, and 25 Clark st., Chicago.
MIKE MADDEN, 21 and 23 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, 30 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTEN & BUEL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. EZEKIEL, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras street, New Orleans, La.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L. HOYT.—Your third question, left over from last week, cannot be categorically answered except by supposing a perfect standard. This is not likely to be found. We can show the relative proportions which Nature usually observes, but the actual dimensions would serve no scientific purpose, even if ascertained. For instance, why not make a standard of yourself? Your question is—"3. What is the average height, breadth across the shoulders, circumference of the chest at the armpits, and weight of man? If these measurements are not accurately known, please tell what you suppose approximates to them." Upon this approximation principle a medical friend at our elbow says you may achieve much. He affirms that by the study of physiology and comparative anatomy, we may rest assured that if the human face, from the chin to the roots of the hair, is divided into three equal parts, the first division indicates the line of the nostrils, and the second the point where the eyebrows would meet. From the top of the chest to the hair roots at the highest clear part of the forehead should be one-seventh of the height, and the same person's foot (though not called fashionable) should also be one-seventh. From the chin to the same part of the forehead should be one-tenth of the height, and the same individual's hand, measured from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, should be precisely the same length. Let a man lie down, and spread out his limbs windmill fashion, and it will be found that his extremities touch a circle which has his navel for a centre; hence we may consider the navel as not only the centre of materiality but as defining half the height. From the nipples to the crown of the scalp should be one fourth. This is also true of separate parts, the chest and the cubit of the arm, for instance, which are always one fourth. So that what is true of the circle is also true of the square; and, for this reason, the height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the line drawn by extending the hands right and left. Volumes might be written on the affinities of proportion in the human figure.

ACTOR.—Much obliged for complimentary mention among your friends. Shall proceed to answer to best of our ability. 1. George Jordan is a native of Baltimore. The date of his birth we cannot tell. He made his first appearance at the Baltimore Museum. We cannot tell the date of this event, but it was while under the management of Mr. J. Owens. George's first appearance in New York was at Burton's in Chambers street, in the season of 1849 George's brother, Henry Charles Jordan, is better known. He also was born in Baltimore, and the date is stated as Feb. 28, 1821. H. C. made his first appearance at the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, May 1, 1841. H. C.'s first appearance in New York was at the Bowery, in 1846. 2. J. W. Lester (J. J. Wallack) was born in New York, in 1819. He made his first apperance at the Broadway Theatre, in 1848. His first appearance on the English stage was at the Haymarket, in London. 3. James Wallack, Jr., was born in London. He made his first appearance at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1822, as Cora's Child, in "Pizarro," and sung out, as Rolla passed the bridge, "Oh, Uncle Jem, don't hurt me!"

CUE.—"1. In the game of billiards, I, in playing on a red ball, miss and pocket myself; now, as the miss counts one, and the pocket three, why doesn't the whole give my adversary four?" 1. Because, if your ball goes into the pocket without hitting either of the others, it counts but two against you; and, as you say, one for the miss; but, if your ball goes into the pocket off the red, it counts three, for the reason that if you had pocketed the red ball instead of your own, it would have counted but three in your favor, and as there was no miss, there would still remain but three for your adversary to score. It would be difficult to decide in many instances whether the white or red ball was fired at; hence the penalty is placed at the lowest figure, for the purpose of preventing any misunderstanding. 2. Mr. Phelan's "Game of Billiards" can be obtained at the bookstores.

PUDSEY, Pompton.—"1. A pair of ducks are put up at 7 shillings; 14 names are drawn on the slate at 6 pence each, and the 14 have thrown, and 14 is the highest throw; now another man comes in and says he has paid his money, and claims his throw and throws 15. Please decide who the ducks belong to." If the fifteenth man was entitled to throw, he wins. "2. Please state the reason Wilby did not play with the 11 English players in their late match with the 18 American players, at Hoboken?" Mr. Wilby was not in New York at the time.

POG.—1. We have no person in our employ of the name of Marshall. 2. J. R. Scott made his first apperance at the Park Theatre, July 2, 1839, as Malcolm, in "Macbeth." 3. We cannot give a matter of opinion further than our own, which was that J. R. Scott should be considered as an actor of the first class. 4. We know not how many volumes were in his library, but Mrs. J. R. Scott has presented them to the Dramatic Association.

P. H. R., Cambridgeport, Mass.—1. Lady Suffolk's best time is 2:26. 2. Mac's best time is 2:26. 3. Mac is laid upon the shelf. 4. Lancet's best time is 2:25¼. 5. Flora Temple *did* trot her mile in 2:24¼, and your asking such a question is about the next most wonderful thing.

C. G. L., Memphis, Tenn.—There is no occasion for a literal copying of the costume of the old "Garde Imperiale" when dressing for Havresac. Messrs Hackett, Bourcicault, Placide, and William Warren, and such like, nearly all differ more or less. We have been best pleased with Peter Richings.

J. M., Tecumseh, Mich.—Money received. Shall send your friend's paper as requested. If, as you say, he has shown the fruits of virtue by a ten years' attachment to the Methodist Church, and now wishes to become a sporting man, he will certainly remember you in his prayers for sending him the CLIPPER.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.—"1. Which is the best Cricket Club in the United States? 2. What is the greatest score made by any Club in this country?" 1. The New York is generally admitted to be the strongest Club. 2. Two hundred and thirty-two, scored by the New York Club in *one innings* in their match with St. George, on June the 11th, 1855, we believe.

REINDEER, Philad'a.—1. It is news to us that the yacht John S. Keyser is now in New York, and we are quite certain she has run no races here. 2. No doubt you would do well to fight a main this winter, but should address Mr. Giddings, Sportsman's Hall, Madison street, New York, beforehand, and take his advice.

J. N. T., Philad'a.—1. The Camilla was considered the champion boat among the Philadelphia clubs, and they are the "top of the heap." Subsequently, the Star (built also by Messrs. Newman & Randall of New York) beat the Camilla a pretty considerable distance in a test race. 2. The time made, and the distance rowed, are under a pledge of secrecy.

BOBBY TROY.—Much obliged for your complimentary mention. 1. We have always thought highly of dramatic associations. Should be glad to receive the documents you speak of, and would insert as much as space allowed, being very anxious to encourage all such matters in a proper spirit. 2. Shall file that story for "miscellaneous." 3. Apply at the office of the Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

ANXIETY, Philad'a.—"Please give the pedigree of Flora Temple, if it is obtainable." Flora Temple was brought to this city from West Jersey several years ago, by a dealer, and sold at Bull's Head. The pedigree is unknown, but she is to all appearance thoroughbred, and is so generally considered.

C. E. D. F., Richmond, Va.—The St. Leger Course at Doncaster, (if you mean that) is 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards. The time bet you allude to should be more definitely stated before it is possible to make an answer.

R. W. C., Troy, N. Y.—The height of Trinity Church spire is 264 feet. 2. At the top is a cross, but we cannot say of what materials it is composed, beyond a very thick coating of gold leaf.

BRUTUS, JR., Boston.—1. Ethan Allen has trotted for money. 2. He beat Rose of Washington, mile heats, for $1000, in harness, May 10, 1853, over the Union Course, L. I., best time, 2:36.

CHANCE CHILD, Baltimore.—Public lotteries were first established in England during 1569, but became illegal after October 18, 1826

P. M.—Maine and Missouri were admitted as States of the Union in the same year, 1820.

OLD SPORT, Milwaukee.—Items used. All right. Good, for the glorious West.

J. M., Hollidaysburgh, Pa.—Thanks. Money received. Items used. See "Ball Play." Keep the ball in motion.

TROJAN, Troy, N. Y.—Have made use of the items. See under head of The Ring.

FRANK.—To be frank with you, get Michael Phelan's "Game of Billiards" at any book store.

H. S., Boston.—Bets made on the late match between Paddock and the Tipton Slasher are off now.

CORT.—1. Lantern's best time is 2:30¾. 2. Lady Moscow's best is 2:29. 3. James Irving is said to be owner of Lady Moscow.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. The scattering of shot depends upon how you load. 2. The best size to use for robins is No. 7.

W. J. F., Boston.—We believe that Flora Temple has not trotted at Cambridge within the past eighteen months.

CURIOUS, Boston.—You call our paper "valuable," and say that you are a "constant reader." If so, you would know where the "Jester" you inquire about is now performing.

CONSTANT READER, Columbia, Pa.—The horses and riders named by you are unknown to us, and seem to be unknown to fame. Please write us more definitely, and we will do our best.

RUSTICUS, Philad'a.—1. "Walker's Manly Exercises" will probably suit you. 2. We can forward Stonehenge to your address.

W. D. O.—Was in type and on the press when *yours* came to hand.

C. S. P., Albany.—All bets on the Slasher and Paddock match are null and void.

JOHN DONKEY, Boston.—Thanks for your attentions, but we do not wish to notice any affair in which those parties are interested.

J. P. G., Philad'a.—Much obliged.

SHIPTON & BOYLE.—Eclipse was foaled in 1815, and died in 184-.

OUR PICTORIAL FOR THE COMING HOLIDAYS.

WE have just perfected arrangements for the publication of the PICTORIAL CLIPPER for the approaching Christmas and New Year holidays. The success which has attended our previous efforts in this line, warrants us in entering the field once more, and we promise that the forthcoming Pictorial shall be equal, if not superior, to our former issues. We have placed in the hands of our artist a large and interesting design for an engraving for our first page, and this one engraving will be worth six times the price we charge for our Pictorial. A description of this print, as well as of others with which our holiday sheet will be embellished, will be given in our next. As large numbers will be forwarded to Europe, we intend to go to press as early as we can, conveniently, so that our readers in England may have the Pictorial before Christmas. Price only six cents. Look out for the PICTORIAL CLIPPER.

THE TROTTING FILLY JENNY JONES.

WE give on our first page a truthful likeness and most spirited engraving of the trotting filly Jenny Jones, at her exercise, driven by that capital trainer Joel Conklin. Too much praise can scarcely be awarded the distinguished artists for the skilful and artistic style in which they have performed their respective tasks—tasks in which so few succeed. The present illustration is generally regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* by all connoisseurs, and throws entirely into the shade those abortive attempts at illustration which so frequently disgrace the pages of some of our illustrated magazines and periodicals.

Jenny Jones, the subject represented in the engraving, is now about four years old. She was bred at Morrisville, Bucks county, Pa., and was sired by that noted stallion Black Bashaw, the best trotting stallion ever bred in this country. Her dam is a thoroughbred mare, got by Monmouth Eclipse. It will thus be seen that Jenny Jones combines the Messenger and Bashaw blood in its utmost perfection, as does also her younger brother "Lightning," one of the most superb colts of his age ever got by Black Bashaw, great as he was as the sire of Lantern, young Black Bashaw, and a host of other magnificent animals. Lightning was also bred, and is owned by Mr. Sperring, at Morrisville; as yet he is a mere colt. It is unnecessary to remark that the form of Jenny Jones is faultless, her symmetry perfect, and her action the beau ideal of grace, beauty, and speed, all of which will be seen by reference to our splendid engraving on the first page of this week's CLIPPER.

No Go.—For some weeks past sundry newspapers have "kept it before their readers" that a trotting match for *ten thousand dollars* would take place on the 29th of October, between Lady Franklin and Lady Litchfield. We never believed that such a match would take place, and therefore, made no mention of it, whatever, in our columns. As we supposed, the "much-talked-of" $10,000 match ended in smoke, the excuse being that pecuniary affairs prevented the fulfilment of the conditions of the match. Very well. Perhaps it is best that it has so ended, for races for such "big licks" are rather "difficult to manage," and sometimes terminate in a manner not at all congenial to the tastes of the people at large.

HIGHLAND CLUB.—This is the name of a summer excursion party, and whilst at the Highlands on one of their trips the past summer, they were the recipients of a kind welcome at the hands of the Clayton Club, of that place. On the evening of the 30th ult., the Claytons were invited to a feast prepared for them at the club rooms of the Highland Club, No. 535 Broadway. All was mirth and jollity, and the evening was spent in the most happy and friendly manner. The CLIPPER being toasted, "one of us" replied in a few remarks, "suited to the occasion." Here's to the Highland Club and their guests. Fancy us indulging in a "thimblefull" of *eau de vie*.

HORSE SHOWS AND TRIALS OF SPEED.—These interesting affairs are gradually becoming objects of uncommon interest to farmers, breeders of stock, and others. Holders of stock, by devoting a little more time and attention to their products, find that their value increases most wonderfully. In Lexington, Ky., a few days since, Messrs. Craig & Kennedy, of Lexington, Ky., sold to Mr. Elling, of Georgia, 12 mules and 1 gelding, for $3100, cash.

THE PRIZE RING.

CHANGES IN PUGILISTIC CIRCLES—FRESH ASPIRANTS FOR PUGILISTIC FAME—BATTLE BETWEEN THE TWO B'S—INTERFERENCE OF THE YAHOOS—A DREADFUL LAY.

Our paper this week records some curious changes in the pugilistic world. First we have the pleasing information of the marriage of Con. Fitzgerald, who made his mark in the California ring some year or so ago—then, again, we note the mournful intelligence of the death of the veteran Kensett. Thus, while two members of the prize ring suddenly leave this "sublunary sphere," two new and shining lights appear upon the stage, and take their places as though nothing whatever had happened. Of these latter, it may be well to say a few words by way of introduction, before proceeding to describe the battle which ushered them into a pugilistic existence. Mr. Billy Button is a native of England, that land of pure delight, where sports and pastimes have their home. He arrived here many years ago, but never made his appearance as a principal in the prize ring until the event in question took place. Billy Button is well known as a delineator of "the art," of no ordinary ability, and his many friendly essays at exhibitions on the stage have gained for him the title of "Bully Bottom." In appearance he closely resembles Josh Hudson, the "John Bull Fighter," his face beaming with jollity and good humor whilst showing off his points, and his entire person giving evidence of a perfect corporeous development. Of the other star of the fistic firmament, we have but a slight knowledge—his name "it is Andy Blake"—son of "old Blake," a "rum 'un to look at, but a good one to go." Andy seems to have stolen upon us "on the sly," for we can find no record in "Wemyss' Chronology," or "Fistiana," of his performances. He is a "dark one," and seems to have just dropped in to fill up the gap created by the withdrawal of our friends, as above noticed. Thus much by way of introduction.

We never knew two pugilists to make their first appearance together without a conflict being the result. So it proved in this instance. Billy Button saw Andy Blake, and Andy saw Billy. From that moment they were enemies. Each one saw that his opponent was a thorn in his path—each would have that thorn torn away. Their honor was at stake, and a fight was inevitable. Come we now to the event which made glorious these two sons of New York, and which gave them entrance as members of the *corps pugilistique*. On Monday, 27th ult., Billy Button and Andy Blake felt that the day of battle had "arriven," and that one or both of them must fall. They met—'twas in a crowd, so they thought "for to" shun them—they tried to dodge, but 'twarnt no use—for the people's eyes were upon them. This first took place in Broadway, but upon reaching Amity street, and finding it useless to attempt further to avoid the public gaze, they prepared themselves for the encounter. Let us take a survey of these gentlemen of the fistic arena. Billy had considerable the advantage of his opponent as regards weight, but Andy had rather the longest reach. Billy was grievously encumbered with superfluous flesh, which, we felt convinced, must materially injure his chances of success, although his well-known bottom and lasting qualities might succeed in pulling him through. Andy neither cared for his opponent's weight nor bottom, but looked all over confidence. On toeing the scratch, Button exclaimed—"Of one or both of us the time has come." To which Blake retorted—"If Billy's fit to live, let Andy fall." Button cried, "My soul and body on the action, both," and offered to lay twenty shillings that he won the fight. Blake replied, "A dreadful lay, here's to decide it," at the same time posting his twenty shillings, and then commenced

ACT FIRST.—*Scene* 1. Both were "well up" to the scratch. Bully Bottom tried to "draw" his opponent out by making a feint, but Andy was not so easily to be had. Bully then "made himself up" for a belly-go-burster, and seeing a "good opening," dashed out his right mawley, catching Andy flush on the profile—Andy attempted to return, but "missed his cue," and Button's drop closed the scene.

Scene 2. Blake brooded o'er his wrongs in silence—as he approached the dividing line his countenance gave token of the storm that raged within; his brow was knit, and the contortions of his frame were mighty and terrible. Button came smiling to the scratch, apparently prepared at all points. His success in the previous round gave him confidence, and he "went in" to "finish off this bantling," by trying on his left; but Andy seeing the intended movement, slily "moved off;" Button's blow fell harmless, but Blake sent in his one, two, with rapidity on the knowledge box and smeller of his antagonist, *drawing first blood*, and sending Bully Bottom to earth like a hunted fox. [Cheers from the Blakers.]

Scene 3. Button found that his opponent was not such an "amateur" as he had taken him to be, and thought it best to change his tactics. His face was wofully disfigured by the "collusion" in the previous scene, and the ruby was still trickling down from his "in-fat-uated nose." Both stood eyeing each other for a few seconds, neither being willing to "open the play." At last Andy "felt for his man," but missed him—he tried again, reaching the commissary department of his rotund and jolly opponent—Bully countered beautifully, getting in a sweetener and dropping the curtain on Blake's left eye—Andy attempted to reply with a sockdolager, but Button dodged, and went to grass, Blake falling heavily upon him, and nearly crushing the breath out of his body.

Scene 4. On making their fourth appearance, both men showed marks of the severity of the punishment they had received. The claret flowed from previous openings on both of their physogs, and although Button tried to smile, yet it was painfully apparent that it was on the wrong side of his mouth, and that it was a ghastly smile; yet some men "*can* smile, and murder when they smile." Such seemed to be Billy's condition. Blake was almost convulsed at the ludicrous appearance of his competitor, and took to himself the credit for "dressing him" with such excruciating taste. Both sparring for wind. [Cries of "go in, and fight," from the audience. Nearly 15 minutes had elapsed since the commencement of the battle.] Just as Button was preparing for one of his rib-roasters, the "Yahoos" were observed making for the scene of conflict. This was the signal for a general stampede, in which the two "evening stars" took part, and thus made their "exit."

REMARKS.—We feel extremely sorry that this battle, which promised to be a rare one, should have come to such an untimely end. Both parties were just getting warmed up to their work, and the audience seemed to be entering into the spirit of the plot with a becoming zeal. Our readers cannot expect us to enlarge upon the merits of the principal performers, in this, their first appearance, but should these "unfinished gentlemen" renew the contest on some future occasion, as in all probability they will, we shall take care to be on hand again, and see that the performers have the services of a score or two of ring-keepers to prevent all outside interference. Owing to the "respectability" of the parties engaged in this farce of "Going to the Mill," no arrests have been made. Will other of our pugilistic friends take warning by this, and when next a mill is intended, let Broadway be the battle ground, for there is such an air of respectability about the very name of that great and brilliant thoroughfare, that a regular riot in another quarter, would there be termed a mere "difficulty between gentlemen." Button's short experience in the pugilistic arena may be of some real service to him yet, for a knowledge of the manly art of self defence is not to be slighted, and a pugilist is oftentimes "very handy to have in the house."

THE BAKER AND POOLE AFFAIR—SURRENDER OF HYLER—THE APPROACHING TRIAL.—The trial of Louis Baker, McLaughlin, Turner, and others, implicated in the disturbance which resulted in the death of Wm. Poole, is set down for Monday next, at Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y. Charles H. Winfield, District Attorney of that county, will conduct the prosecution; in which he will probably be assisted by A. Oakey Hall. In connection with this case it may be proper to remark that John Hyler, who, was indicted as an accessory to the death of Poole, but who was subsequently admitted to bail, was surrendered by his bail on the 31st ult., but for what reason we have been unable to learn. It is said that if he succeeds in giving new bonds, they must be for his appearance for trial at Newburgh.

The affray which resulted so unfortunately for all concerned, took place at the house of Messrs. Deans & Deagle, "Stanwix Hall," No. 579 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hall, on the night of Saturday, 24th of February, or morning of 25th, 1855. In the melee, Poole was not the only one shot, Baker himself being wounded, as well as Turner, and others. After being shot, Poole was conveyed to his residence, No. 134 Christopher street, where he received the most devoted attention at the hands of his wife and others, and after a few days of rest and quiet, it was reported that he was gradually improving, and that there were hopes of his ultimate recovery, but those who believed in these encouraging reports were doomed to disappointment, for after lingering from the 24th of February until the 4th or 5th of March, he gradually begun to fail, and on the morning of the 8th of March, died. From the fact that all efforts to reach the ball had been ineffectual, it was determined to hold a post-mortem examination, but even then for some time the ball could not be found. The heart of the deceased had been carefully taken out and washed, and laid aside, with no suspicion whatever that the ball they were in search of was lodged in it, but after two hours search in the cavity of the chest, the heart was felt carefully and *the bullet found imbedded in its muscular texture.*

On the death of Poole, an inquest was held, which resulted in a verdict implicating Louis Baker, James Turner, Patrick McLaughlin, John Hyler, Cornelius Linn, Charles Van Pelt, John Morrisey, and James Irvin, in the unfortunate affair. All were arrested but Baker, who had succeeded in eluding the authorities, and set sail for the Canary Islands, in the brig Isabella Jewett. The clipper Grapeshot was at once prepared for pursuit, and left this port in chase of the fugitive on the 18th of March; and although several days had elapsed since the sailing of the Jewett, yet the fast sailing qualities of the Grapeshot made it almost a certainty that the Jewett would be overhauled before reaching Palmas, her port of destination; and so it proved, for on reaching Palmas, which she did in 20 days after leaving New York, the Grapeshot cruised around, the Jewett not yet having arrived. On the 17th of April, a brig was seen steering for Palmas. The Grapeshot bore down upon her, and it was at once discovered that this vessel was the Jewett. She was immediately boarded; Baker, who was found on board, was arrested, and transferred to the Grapeshot, when the latter started on her return to New York, where she arrived on the 15th of May. Baker was sent to the Tombs, where he has since remained. The first trial, which commenced on the 26th of November, and occupied some three weeks, resulted in the discharge of the jury, owing to their inability to agree. The second trial was set down for the following April, but after various ineffectual efforts to obtain a jury, application was made to have the trial take place in some other county. The motion was granted, and Orange county selected, as above stated.

Since the first trial, Wally Mason, a witness for the defence, died; Irvin and Morrisey were discharged, and Hyler, Linn, and Van Pelt were admitted to bail to appear for trial when called upon. Bail was refused for Baker, Turner and McLaughlin, who have, since their arrest, been incarcerated in the Tombs in this city.

We have thus given a brief outline of the incidents connected with the "Stanwix Hall" affair, that our readers may understand the case, as it stands at present. At the time of the affray, the excitement throughout the city was as intense, almost, as that attending the political campaign of the present time. Time makes many changes, however, and but little is now heard of the affair. "Stanwix Hall" is occupied by a shoe dealer, and no one would imagine from its appearance that it had once been the scene of the terrific tragedy which terminated in the death of Mr. Wm. Poole.

STATE POULTRY SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Arrangements are now being made for the annual exhibition of the above society, which will shortly be held in Philadelphia. It is designed to make this the greatest [illegible] of the feathered creation ever given on this [illegible]. The time and place of holding this exhibition will probably be made in our next.

GREAT BOAT RACE AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

Exciting Contest between Indiantown and St. John Boatmen.

TRIUMPH OF THE LATTER.

Through the politeness of Mr. Wm. A. Woods, of St. John, we have been placed in possession of a telegraphic despatch, giving the result of the match race which took place on Monday last, 3d inst., at St. John, N. B., between two crews, respectively belonging to Indiantown and St. John, and in which the latter proved the victors.

This match, our readers will recollect, was brought about in consequence of reports being circulated in New Brunswick that the St. John crew, that rowed in the match against New York on the 20th of September, were only second class oarsmen, and that there were several crews in the provinces that could beat them. After the race with New York, in which St. John proved victorious, Mr. Walter Welsh, on behalf of the Carlton San Cove Club of St. John, determined to put at rest the reports concerning the qualities of his men, and decide by a fair and manly contest who *were* the champion oarsmen of the Western world. To this end he issued a challenge to the crack crews of Halifax and Indiantown. Halifax refused to make a match the present season, but promised to try them early in the spring. Indiantown, however, took up the gauntlet, and a match was made for £200 ($1,000) a side. The boats in the race were the Xiphias, of Indiantown, rowed by David Dunham, Archibald Tapley, Isaac Stevens, and John Stevens; and the Neptune, of St. John, rowed by Edward Welsh, John Morris, Dennis Morris, and John Lambert. The distance rowed was from Reed's Point (harbor of St. John,) and from thence to proceed around Partridge Island, going down the east side of the Island, and coming up the west side thereof, (passing outside of two boats moored under the direction of the umpires, one boat at the east and other at the west point of the Island,) and back to the place of starting, making in all, we understand, a course of five miles. From the well-known reputation of the Indiantown boatmen, they became the favorites at once, and odds were freely offered in the provinces that they would win the race. Since the match was first made, the crews of both boats have been in regular training, and each man seemed determined to do all he could for the honor of his club and place of residence.

Of course, as we go to press on Tuesday evening, it is impossible for us to give a detailed report of the race, (which will doubtless be forwarded us by mail in time for our next) but our telegraphic despatch informs us that the race took place according to agreement, and that the Neptunes won the match with ease, beating their opponents *two minutes and five seconds*, and accomplishing the entire distance in *thirty-two minutes and forty-five seconds!*

Look out for next week's CLIPPER, which will contain a full account of the race, and the incidents connected therewith.

DEATH OF GEORGE KENSETT.—We regret to be compelled to announce the death of this veteran of the P. R., which took place at his late residence, in Fordham, Westchester county, in this State, rather unexpectedly, on the 31st of October. At the time of his death Mr. Kensett was a few days over 61 years of age. When he arrived in this country, we are not aware, although it must have been some 35 years since. The only record we can find of his appearance in the ring here, is that concerning his battles with Ned Hammond—the first of which took place in 1826. The ring was first pitched at Coney Island, but being driven from there by the Sheriff, the parties retreated to the Union Race Course, where they placed their stakes. After some hard fighting Kensett was declared the winner, though the decision was disputed for a long time; and this dispute resulted in a fresh match for $500. This fight took place in 1829, and terminated in favor of Hammond, it having been decided that Kensett went down without receiving a blow. Much dissatisfaction was manifested at the decision, and the whole affair ended in a wrangle between the respective friends of the men—Kensett subsequently offered to renew the match, but the offer was not accepted, and this ended his career as a pugilist, for we have no knowledge of his subsequent appearance, as a principal, in the Prize Ring. Mr. Kensett was a clever boxer, and took great delight in this kind of exercise, indulging in it, even, until within a short time before his death. For many years he kept a public house in Walker street, in this city, but within the past year he sold out, and built a hotel in Fordham, where he died. His remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery on Monday last, and were followed to the grave by a number of relatives and friends, among whom were Messrs. Thomas Hyer, Wm. Tovee, George Overs, Wm. Fuller, James Sandford and Professor Watson.

THE NATIONAL SCRUB RACE.—The race for the Presidential chair of the United States, was brought to a climax on the 4th inst., and, strange to tell, our country remains firm on its "axle-trees," although it has had a pretty rough shaking over the hard road it was compelled to travel. Politicians resorted to all sorts of stratagems and dodges to "gain a point" for their favorite candidates, and in many instances dishonest men have wielded a power which we hope never again to see placed in their grasp. "Truth has been crushed to earth" so often, by stump orators, that we really feared she would never "rise again," but, as the said orators knowingly inform us that "the eternal years of God are hers," we are compelled to believe that "Truth" *will* survive the shock of this lying and infamous campaign, and come out once more "king of trumps." Political aspirants, you have much to answer for.

OLD TOPS ON DECK.—The "Old Tops of the 8th Ward" make their annual excursion for target practice and sport generally on Tuesday next, 11th inst. This corps is composed of some of our best citizens, and whatever they undertake, whether in the way of a target excursion, a ball, or a chowder party, the event is sure to "come off" with pleasure to all who participate. We should be happy to make "one of the party" for Tuesday next, but our business is such as to require our personal supervision on that day. May the "Old Tops" always keep "going round doing good."

HALLELUJAH!—It is over, it is over. The "noise and confusion" of the "battle for the spoils" are over, and everybody will at once relapse into "that quiet and subdued state" which characterizes the people of this "village" when attending to their own private interests. The country, which has been so often prematurely destroyed by hot-headed politicians, has been once more "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled" by the mighty and all-powerful voice of the people. Sound the tom-jon—blow the bass drum—let the loud clarion proclaim to all the world, and "the rest of mankind," that "E. Pluribus Unum" is still "around," and that "Vox Populi" "ain't anything else." Hoora for the next President.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.—The successful and satisfactory result of the recent horse show in Boston has had the effect to call the attention of breeders as well as others to the feasibility of establishing a regular race course in that locality. That's it. That is what is needed. Give the course a fair trial—place its management in the hands of honest men, and the people will give "trials of speed" their undivided support, as the politicians say. Let us have the "Boston Race Course."

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—We understand there will be a meeting of this Club at the house of Mr. Mathews, 369 South street, between Montgomery street and Gouverneur Slip, on Friday evening, 7th inst. At this meeting officers for the ensuing year are to be chosen.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 18, 1856.

FRIEND QUEEN—No doubt your republican readers have been through the usual sprouts of astonishment while reading of the coronation ceremonies at Moscow. All well and good. But the horse racing may not have reached over your way. I have seen some of the company present at the "races" in Moscow, and learn that the horses, the jockeys, and the trainers, were all British, with one solitary exception. The "sports" did not attract much attention. Two days subsequently, the Circassians and Cossacks, having mustered about forty candidates, started on a sort of steeple-chase together. The whole party put off with a tremendous burst of cheering, and the winner was a Cossack officer. The horsemanship exhibited was generally very good. The present Sir Robert Peel was at the meeting, and knowing the knack the Cossacks have of dismounting to pick up objects on the ground, placed a gold coin for a run of about a hundred yards. A candidate soon came along with a tremendous swoop, and dexterously picked it up, making a successful remount. The experiment was then repeated by the whole forty, and about one in three were able to "lift" a similar prize.

This shows pretty good "ring exercise" in the way of horsemanship. No doubt the Russians are pretty good hands at "picking up" any way. A pretty good joke is told of the way in which the coronation medals were distributed. The "gent" appointed for the purpose started from the Kremlin in a carriage, as he did not like the style of rain then coming down in torrents. He had the medals in a large velvet bag, but the "coves" in the crowd got scent of the fox. The flunkey distributor did not much relish the devout attentions paid to him from a crowd which seemed to grow like a snowball; so he stood up, and commenced to distribute the documents, but the commencement was the end, for they were all gone in less time than John Robinson's name could be called. Not a "snitch" (pure Russian!) can be found of the carriage; two horses came galloping back to the Kremlin stables, and two men (one supposed to have been a coachman) have but just recovered from serious mental and bodily injuries at the hospital! After this, we need not much mind the taunts about Americans worshiping the "almighty dollar." These medals are intrinsically worth about fifteen cents; but, owing to the decided approbation with which they are "received" by the Russian public, the price has gone up among the fortunate holders to two dollars and a half!

These points were not obtained from the Anti-Russian newspapers of the day, and therefore may be depended on. Talking of newspapers, one of the London "sporting" journals, published weekly, undertook lately to give an account of the cricket match out your way, "United States v. Canada," played at Hoboken. After giving a score and statement strangely confused, the Editor, (or somebody else who had the chance,) coolly adds, in brackets:—"[Why do not the American Press give the bowlers their credit when a leg b. w. or catch is made?—ED.]" As myself and some friends had just been reading your cricket reporter's admirably explicit and well-arranged report of the play in "United States v. Canada" this year, of course we were highly amused at the sublime ignorance which could ask such a snobish question of the "American Press" so rashly condemned. Some of our party felt rather wolfish at such a display of stupid fault-finding, but I consoled them with an assurance that the English papers generally seem to glory in a kind of convenient ignorance upon all American affairs. And so, sure enough, there was in the very same paper a monstrously garbled attempt at describing the boat race at Boston between the oarsmen of St. John and those of New York, in which (although the items were credited to a New York paper) the very first name of the New York crew was spelled wrong, and so on in a similar strain of geographical and statistical ignorance.

The two October meetings at Newmarket naturally bring Mr. Ten Broeck and his trainers prominently into notice. Mr. Ten Broeck's movements have been somewhat secret thus far, but it is now generally understood that next spring will bring the champions of the American turf and those of the English side by side in honorable rivalry. The anticipations made in the CLIPPER before Mr. Ten Broeck sent out his Yankee samples will no doubt be realized, as without regard to any events of racing the result of Mr. Ten Broeck's enterprise will certainly be beneficial to the breed of race horses in each country. The fine animals he has brought here from America have already won the admiration of every beholder, and he will soon show John Bull "the proof of the pudding." That Mr. Ten Broeck himself should be highly popular here will not be wondered at by any person who had the honor of his acquaintance at home.

I hope you did not object to my "spreading" somewhat at York and Doncaster. Can you stand some statistics without getting dry? Well, here is a statement of the fluctuations at Doncaster for the past ten years, to which I have added the results for this year, just to make luck in odd numbers:—

Years.	Starters.	Horses.	Races.	Walks Over.	Stand Money.
1846.....	114	93	18	4	£2474
1847.....	98	80	19	4	2269
1848.....	85	73	19	7	2208
1849.....	94	70	19	5	1966
1850.....	115	80	20	3	2891
1851.....	157	110	22	5	2810
1852.....	167	118	25	4	3378
1853.....	189	135	24	2	3348
1854.....	202	151	30	2	2919
1855.....	199	135	26	2	2900
1856.....	245	163	28	2	2798

There is a string of starters—forty-three more than on any previous year! The horses on hand were twelve more than in 1854, the greatest previous number. No doubt the withdrawal of Fazzoletto, and the other drawbacks, can account for the falling off in the stand money. If dry now, better "take suthin."

"Did you ever?" that is to say, did you ever spend an evening with a campanile club of bell ringers? If you have not, you "orter." Some great reformer among the church-going people should introduce these clubs and peals of bells into our land of church music. Why cannot Archbishop Hughes, or some other church chimer, set the fun going in some steeple like that of Trinity Church? It is noble sport. Fancy the ringers in their shirt sleeves, with their feet in the safety sandals, and the bell rope in their hands, every man's best ear cocked to catch the sound, and his best eye cocked to catch the tenor's marking of the time:—

"Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells,
They sound so sweet, so wondrous sweet,
And toll so mer-re-lee!"

It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the changes of society since the cathedrals were built, and the varieties of people who may be expected to "assist" at a horse race, those sublime architectural monuments of the former glory of England are always viewed with admiration (if not reverence) by all classes—yea, even the little "light weights," for a horse jockey has a soul to be saved as well as other people who own something they never paid for. Going into the question of who paid for these fine old churches and cathedrals would be a little out of my line. But the fact I speak of is particularly noticeable at such places as York, Chester, Durham, etc. Even the horses contemplate cathedrals like connoisseurs. At York and at Boston a horse and gig may be driven up a spiral road in the tower as far as the belfry.

Boston Church has attracted much attention since its restoration in 1853. It was re-opened on the 12th of May in that year, and the repairs cost £10,996 17s. 4d. This has all been paid. Our Mr. Peabody subscribed £100. Nearly every New Englander here is sure to visit "Old" Boston Church, where a fine peal of eight bells may be found.

But I intended giving a few of the latest items in change ringing. At Kirtlington, near Oxford, the Appleton ringers gave a masterly performance on the bells of that village, viz.:—One touch of Kent treble bob, containing 960 changes, and one of grandsire trebles, containing 1,008 changes. John Sparrow treble, Noble White 2, Jas. Newman 3, Alfred White 4, Benj. Barrett 5, Henry White 6, Richard Pitman 7, Fredk. White tenor. Conducted by H. White. The ringers afterwards proceeded to the Dashwood Arms to dinner, and spent the evening by performance on the handbells.

This sort of thing is not confined to the "rural districts," but prevails most in the suburbs of large cities, where the best companile towers are to be found. A fine treat was offered when eight members of the St. James's Society succeeded in ringing upon the bells of St. George's, Camberwell, (Surrey side of London,) an excellent peal of triples, on Stedman's principle, consisting of 5,040 changes, in 2h 50m. The performers were: Wm. Field treble, Alfred Jones of Bristol 2, Wm. Cooter 3, Jas. Dwight 4, John Nelms 5, Wm. Green 6, Wm. Dagworthy 7, Wm. Roberts tenor. Composed by Thos. Thurstans of Birmingham, and conducted by Wm. Cooter.

Another party from the same Society lately rang upon the bells of St. Mary, Lambeth, (Surrey side of London,) a peal of grandsire triples, consisting of 5,040 changes, in 2h 55m. The performers were:—Wm. Coppage treble, Geo. Stockham 2, Wm. Field 3, Henry Booth 3, Alfred Jones 5, Wm. Dowling of Bristol 6, Wm. Green 7, Jesse Horton tenor. Conducted by Geo. Stockham. The tenor bell at this church weighs 20 cwt, and is in the key of F. This will give musicians some idea of the "chops and changes" required.

I trouble you with these particulars because I know very well that with your immense circulation you can do as a certain philosopher said—"Ring a bell to call the wits together." From my recollections of New York milkmen and Cincinnati auctioneers, "I guess" we could soon raise an army of bell ringers, and every other man be qualified for town crier.

The foot-ball and other garrison games flourish well among the military this year. The sports at Aldershot, (described a few weeks ago,) have started more fun at Chatham among the Kentish lads, although the competitors are to be all from the military in the garrison. Fourteen principal events are set down for next Thursday. The sports are under the patronage of the Commandant, Colonel W. H. Eden; the Stewards are Major Marriott (Royal Marine Light Infantry), Major Bunbury (Medical Corps), Captain Lyons (5th Fusiliers), Starter, Captain Somerset (Royal Engineers), Judge, Major Gordon (76th Regiment, Brigade Major); and Captain Brine (Royal Engineers), Clerk of the Course.

A "werry good peppergram" is announced. The first race will be the Sapper Stakes, 300 yards, open to all non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal and East India Company Sappers and Miners; the second race the Marine Plate, 300 yards, open to all non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry; the third race the Provisional Cup, 300 yards, open to all non-commissioned officers and men of the Provisional Battalion; the fourth race the Medical Staff Scurry; the fifth race the Veterans' Scramble, 100 yards, by the Invalids from the Invalid Depot; and the Champion's Belt will be contested for by the winners of the first four races; the seventh race the Officers' Sweepstakes (5s. entry) open to all officers of the garrison on full pay, 100 yards—the winner to receive a silver snuff-box, with suitable inscription; the eighth race will be contested by non-commissoned officers and privates in heavy marching order; the 12th race the Officers' Hunt Stakes (5s. entry,) 400 yards, over eight hurdles not exceeding four feet in height—the winner to receive a Swain's handsome riding or hunting whip; and the 13th race the Hurdle Stakes, 400 yards, over the same course as the preceding race, open to all non-commissioned officers and privates of the garrison. The 14th will be a Consolation Scramble for all not previously winners.

Besides these, there is to be a variety of athletic sports, such as throwing the hammer, vaulting, putting the shell backwards and forwards, jumping height and distance, both running and standing, hopping, wrestling, and climbing the greasy pole. The sports are to commence at one o'clock. The programme has been read to the troops assembled at their respective parades, for volunteers to contest for the prizes, &c., and the men have nobly responded "with a will."

Pedestrianism generally is much in vogue all over England. The foot races at Marlborough College were very well contested this year. Every town, village school, trade, class, or "hinstitution," is sure to be more or less upon the running list, and great sport comes out of it, which is more than can be said of the "run" on The Royal British Bank.

On Monday, Buxton and Woodstock are to walk 50 miles, the latter with a start of five minutes. Buxton stakes £15 to £10. Tall talk. Fun ahead.

On Wednesday, Jim Pudney is to run 11 miles within the hour, for £25 a side. Perhaps the "American Deer" can tell him how that is done.

In cricket the season is pretty well closed for matches of public importance. Anniversary dinners, reports of committees, presents to the secretaries, and convivial evenings, are now the principal items. This noble game has lately made great progress in Ireland, under the liberal and enlightened patronage of the present Lord Lieutenant, well known in America as Lord Morpeth, and now Earl of Carlisle. The Irish gentlemen—which means "gentlemen as *is* gentlemen"—are delighted with it.

Yachting and rowing are also tapering off. Kelly and Buttle are to have a home-and-home match between London and Norwich, for £50 a side. The Londoner to have the first lick, by rowing from Putney to Mortlake. Buttle at Norwich twelve days after.

The Camilla and the Sultana, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, are gone to the Mediterranean. The Vice-Commodore's schooner Capricorn is to be altered for a screw steamer.

Foot-ball is all alive and kicking. At Eton, Winchester, and Rugby, the collegians have started the sore shins of the season.

In rabbit coursing, cub hunting, fox scenting, wrestling, quoits, pigeon flying, dancing to crack flagstones, "there never was sich times."

Among the fistiana fancy, a grand banquet has been given to the Tipton Slasher, still saluted as the Champion of England, and Harry Broome is the principal performer in the ceremonies. Bob Travers has also had a windfall in the shape of a new gold ticker, and you ought to see "dat darkey" shake it about in his imaginary conversations with the little "striker." Bob Brettle has opened a public house near the Cattle Market, in Birmingham. Tom Paddock's friends talk of doing something to set him up on his pins, and enable him to answer the call of "Time!"

I have tried my best to send off a letter without any horse talk, but it will not go down, although you may cut its tail off if you like. Besides, horse talk is now the language of diplomacy in Europe. Wherever you go it is heard. Even the ladies talk of "laying the odds," and sometimes "hedging" after that. Indeed, on a race course we have heard them talk of "covering the lot with a blanket."

At Bucharest five thousand spectators and three hundred and fifty carriages were present at the Autumn Meeting. The Arabian and Tartar horses were thus confronted with English and German opponents for the amusement of the Turkish and Wallachian spectators. English horses and Wallachian wagons got the most prizes. The people were so delighted that another meeting (with larger prizes) was arranged to take place within a month.

In France, the Chantilly Autumn Meeting, although not exactly enthusiastic in its *distrait* betting ring, was nevertheless well filled with interesting events, and shows a decided increase of popularity among all classes in France. Of the four events the first day, the Emperor's Prize was the most important. No English horses had been entered for it this year, and it went to Madame Latache de Fay's Ronzi, (English get, to be sure, by Sir Tatton Sykes,) a very fine black filly. Mons. Aumont's Monarque was second. In the four events of the second day, the Omnium (this is a kind of French Latin, signifying something like our Cesarewitch), made the most fun, falling to Mons. Mosselman's Mr. Henry, with the Prince de Beauvau's Miss Cath second, and Mons. Aumont's Dame d'Honneur third.

I believe I mentioned that Mons. Aumont's whole stud were advertised to be sold at the French Tattersall's. A private offer has since been made of 150,000 francs (nearly $30,000) for the whole lot of lots. Mons. Aumont accepted the offer, but required a favorite brood mare to be retained. The reply to this was "All or none," and further this deponent sayeth not. Some say that a certain imperial personage is the proposed purchaser, while others say that a certain "Monsieur l'Americain" is the man who wants to trade. "You cannot always tell," I believe, but there is no rubbing out such facts as that the Flying Dutchman won his owner nearly £20,000 in stakes alone; and that the winnings of himself and his half-brother Van Tromp, who belonged to the same owner, amounted to £34,000. Cotherstone won, at three years old, £12,765, West Australian, £10,975, and Surplice, £10,275.

In England the fun never was better. The Yorkshire Union Hunt Races, although interfering with the day at Richmond, had a glorious time. Nearly 500 couples of the very "cream of the cream" of Yorkshire society danced at the ball in the evening. Next year the day is to come between the Second October and Houghton weeks. Mr. G. S. Thompson's Kitty, winner of the Scurry Stakes, has been sold to the Rawcliffe Stud Company.

The Royal Caledonian Hunt and Western Meeting had three glorious days at Ayr. The Earl of Eglinton, the Marquis of Ailsa, and the Glasgow & South Western Railway Company, gave additional prizes. The Caledonian St. Leger was, however, (same as last year,) a failure in point of interest, and Mr. R. Wilson's The Heir of Linne merely walked over for the forfeits. In the struggle for the Western Stakes the boy (H. McLean) who rode Mr. Withers's Yeutick found his saddle slipping at the first half mile. The youngster dropped astern, and let the saddle go under; he then resumed the usual seat, and came in a winner amid roars of applause. Only a Yankee or a Scotch boy could have done that. I feel unable to do justice to the sport on this pleasing occasion, the three days were so full of interesting items. The bonnie beauties of Scotland were there, all radiant with smiles, and the closing ball at the County Rooms, with a grand hop at Eglinton Castle, have so bewildered and bewitched the young Philadelphian who is my informant that I must "guv it up."

Speaking of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, I should have mentioned that the Caledonian Club voted £50 (as usual) to the poor of Ayr. Next year the Club will meet at Edinburgh. The subscriptions for the Western Meeting in 1857 were also very numerous. "Auld Scotia" is all right.

Quite an American splurge in favor of trotting has broken out. Mr. William Warburton, of Retford, has won £20 a side which had been put up in a match against time, requiring a trot of fourteen miles within an hour. The "feat" was performed by a six-year-old mare, and she is now wagered to go fifteen miles in the hour for £50 a side. The trot was at Bennitthorpe, near Doncaster. This has led to other trots and challenges in various parts of England.

The steeple-chases at Windsor, omitted since the death of Mr. Thompsen, the former persevering secretary, are to be revived under the most favorable auspices.

At Preston, in Lancashire, large meetings have been held, at which the mayor presided, advocating the restoration of Preston Races. Committees for this purpose are now at work.

Carroll, the famous jockey, in the employ of Mr. T. Parr, died lately at Irlam, near Manchester.

The Great Autumn Cup to be run for at Liverpool makes much talk. Mr. Topham now proposes an additional attraction in the shape of a Yearling Stakes of 5 sovs. each. This last idea is not approved of by sporting men.

The Newmarket Second October (four days) went off well. The Cesarewitch Stakes went to Vengeance (better known as The Chicken,) with Polestar second. Vengeance was one of Palmer's nine race horses, and since their sale at Tattersall's on the 14th of January last, Vengeance, Nettle, Gemma di Vergy, Rip Van Winkle, and Comedy, have thus far been winners. Vengeance's price was 800 guineas at that sale.

Speaking of winning, Gemma di Vergy has now chalked up ten victories this season. Mr. T. Parr's Fisherman has won twenty-seven times in 1856!

LEATHERSTOCKING.

WAS IT INSTINCT OR INTELLIGENCE?

THAT interior animals have intelligence distinct from that instinct which is common to them and to man, is a notion now generally prevalent. An interesting illustration of this opinion was related at a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. The authority is such as to leave no room for question. A pair of goldfinches had built their nests on a small branch of an olive tree; after hatching their brood, the parents perceived that the weight of the family was too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest—it had begun to yield; the provident parents, with an intelligence that cannot be resolved into instinct, were seen to fasten, by means of a small string which they procured, the branch which supported their nest to a stronger and higher branch of the tree—thus redeeming, by an extrordinary effort of reason, the original error which they had committed, and guarding their paternal homes from the threatened ruin.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856.

"THE HUMORS OF FALCONBRIDGE."

We have selected among our miscellaneous matter this week a couple of pleasing sketches from a volume just published under the above title by T. B. Peterson in Philadelphia. This volume contains some of the best sketches written by the late Jonathan F. Kelley, usually known to the public as "Falconbridge," "Jack Humphries," "Stampede," etc. These descriptions of humorous scenes, conveying some moral point or maxim, are so generally acceptable that we may occasionally select some more for our readers.

The fate of Jonathan F. Kelley seems to warrant a few remarks. As a man, he was social, generous, and without guile. As a writer, he was rapid, desultory, sparkling, and pointed. There was uniformly a happy flow of spiritual sunshine and poetic faith which pervaded his most trivial sketches. The geniality of his mind could not be repressed; no matter how his feelings might be when sitting down to write, the eventuation of the article written was sure to be "rich, racy, and rare." His mind was gifted like a planet with the ability to create its own atmosphere. We never knew a man with less of that spleen which literary men are too apt to harbor in their hearts.

But, poor Kelley, the gallant "Falconbridge," has departed. To us is left the pleasure of reading his productions; and also the duty of learning something from his example. Cut off in his career of usefulness by overtasking a brain which especially required a more decided proportion of bodily exercise, such an example should be a warning to literary and professional men of the importance of healthful recreation and bodily activity.

Mr. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has kindly undertaken to publish this volume for the benefit of J. F. Kelley's widow and children. Reader, step into the first bookstore, and buy the work. Never mind the price. It is cheap enough for the pleasure your mind and conscience will enjoy.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Start not, O most mercurial reader, for we shall not inflict anything like a yard-of-ribbon Wall-Street article upon you. We have merely to say that the result of the Presidential election will liberate hundreds of thousands of dollars which are now locked up in "bets" (profane word!) We have among us a large class of reverend riflemen whose main business it is to "rifle, rob, and plunder," an unsuspecting community, and they never let any opportunity pass for "making a book," upon all sorts of "races," no matter who else may lose. Our pulpits last Sunday gave a pretty good indication of how these sanctimonious sporters had bet their piles, although they knew it was not only breaking the law but an actual disfranchisement of the voter! "Consistency!"

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.—It is not often that these two influences can be agreeably combined, and Mrs. Grey's pleasing novel under this suggestive title should therefore be universally read and considered for the welfare of real life. This is a "domestic novel" well worthy of the name, and T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has published it in a very good style, unabridged and unaltered. Lady readers are especially certain to admire Mrs. Grey's pleasing manner of inculcating moral maxims. E. D. Long & Brother, 121 Nassau street, have the work for sale in New York.

DINSMORE'S RAILROAD COMPANION.—This is a monthly visitor ever welcome to all who travel or have any dealings with travelers by rail or steamboat. The changes of each month require to be definitely studied in all kinds of business, and Dr. Fisher's statistical industry may be seen on every page of this indispensable "Companion." For sale at the bookstores. We might as well try to get along without an almanac as without our Dinsmore—that is, "we" of the lively blood and active energy.

YALLER-KIVERED LITERATURE.—The falling off in the sale of this description of excitement has been more than usual during the present presidential campaign, but is not to be wondered at when we consider that the full supply of "Kansas outrages" furnished daily by the newspapers already more than filled up the measure of the most morbid appetite for the marvelous. Now that the grand ago-o-o-ny is over, supping on horrors will be a matter of choice once more.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.—We are pleased to observe that our weekly "remembrancer" of those dramatic artists who are now traveling over "the area of freedom," generally produce a friendly response accompanying the valuable information communicated in return. The ravings of one or two demented dunces only confirm us in our course of impartiality and usefulness.

COMPLIMENT TO "JOUR. PRINTERS."—John C. Rives, in a recently published letter, on the subject of Public Printing, has a word of suggestion to writers for the Press, and compliment to the "Jour," whose duty it not unfrequently is, to make sense out of very senseless chirography. None but a writer for the daily press can comprehend how much truth there is in the veteran printer's remark. Many members of Congress, and eke not a few greater men, must have been surprised at the respectable figure they cut in print, without thinking of the toilsome labor, and the exercise of better talent than our own which has been expended by the "Jour" Printer, in licking into shape the message, report, or speech furnished by them. Mr. Rives says:—

"I have seen the manuscript writing of most great men of the country, during the past twenty years, and, I think, I may say, that not twenty of them could stand the test of the scrutiny one-half of the Journeymen Printers employed in my office.

"This fact will be vouched by every Editor in the Union. To the poor 'Jour' many a 'great' man owes his reputation for scholarship, and were the humble type-stickers to resolve, by concert, to set up manuscript in their hands for even one little week, precisely as it is written by the authors, there would be more reputations slaughtered than their devils could shake a stick at in twenty four hours. 'Statesmen' would become 'small by degress and beautifully less.' Many an ass would have the lion's hide torn from his limbs. Men whom the world call writers, would wake up of mornings and find themselves—famous as mere pretenders—humbugs—cheats."

HORRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE.—The opposition of the Boston Traveller to horse racing. If that opposition should happen to be as "successful" as the Traveller's opposition to Jenny Lind and the insertion of theatrical advertisements, there is no knowing what may happen. As we wish to cultivate none but cordial relations, let us hope that the Traveller will not alter its course.

UP-HILL WORK.—The efforts of "good-natured sketch writers" and "gallant editors" to persuade women who are merely pretty that such dressed-up feminines are likely to behave properly in city cars.

THE PARALLEL CASES.—To make the parallel good between elections and horse racing, the defeated parties almost always bring in about unfair jockeying, with an "if" or two.

TRIAL OF FIRE ENGINES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A trial of fire engines, on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, took place at the Crystal Palace on the 23d ult. The following particulars of the playing we copy from the New York *Sunday Leader:*

There were entered for competition three Engines rated by the judges, Messrs. Adams, Coger, Poineer, and Van Voorhis, as first class.

Franklin Engine No. 3, of Brooklyn (Western District) Joseph Appleyard, Foreman; built by Jeffries, of Pawtucket, R. I.; 9-inch cylinders; 10½ stroke; one of the first engines built by Jeffries, five years ago.

Eagle Engine No. 6, of Brooklyn (Eastern District,) John Jeffers, Foreman; built by Hunneman, of Boston: 8-inch cylinder; 16 stroke.

Phœnix Engine, No. 12, of Brooklyn, John Coggin, Foreman; built by Hunneman; 8-inch cylinders; 16 stroke. These Engines were worked by sixty men, and played through three hundred feet of hose, with an inch and eighth nozzle, with the following result:

No. 3.—Horizontal stream .....131 ft. 9 in.
" 6 " " .....149 " 6 "
" 12. " " .....157 " 8 "

No. 12 had two trials in the time allowed, (15 minutes) having burst a length of hose at the first trial. The playing, as will be seen by those posted in fire matters, was very fair for No. 12; the others, for some cause, being too far behind even to be considered in the race.

The second class engines consisted of Hudson Engine No. 1, John Lambertson, Foreman; built by Van Ness & Torboss, 8-inch cylinder; 9-inch stroke. No. 1 is one of the first piano engines used in this city; she was originally built for No. 19, and after being used a short time, was taken by the present company.

Eagle Engine No. 13, Mr. Daniel Donovan, Foreman, Carson's patent, end brakes, 4 8-inch cylinders, 4½ stroke; built by Pine & Hartshorn.

Guardian Engine Company No. 29, Eli Bates, Foreman, built by Torboss; 8-inch cylinder, 9-inch stroke.

Mazeppa Engine Company No. 48, George Thompson, Foreman; built by Pine and Hartshorn; end brakes and patent capstan; 4 8-inch cylinders, 4½-inch stroke. No. 48 had an extra arm fastened to their levers, whereby eight men additional could work.

These engines played through the same hose as the first-class, with an inch nozzle, and an allowance of fifty men to work each engine.

No. 1.—Horizontal stream, two cylinders, 155 ft. 0 in.
" 13, " " four " 130 " 0 "
" 29, " " two " 147 " 6 "
" 48, " " four " 122 " 6 "

Two third-class Engines were entered, Nos. 36 and 12, of this city, playing through the same hose with seven-eighth nozzle, working forty men.

Equitable Engine Company No. 36, A. C. Leslie, Foreman; built by John H. Sickells; four 7-inch cylinders, patent capstan, 5-inch stroke; played horizontal stream ⅞ inch, 145 ft. 9 in.

Knickerbocker Engine No. 12, Jacob W. Cooper, Foreman, 4-inch cylinders, 6-inch stroke; built by Pine & Hartshorn; played ⅞ stream, horizontal, 135 ft. 10 in.

Since the above trial, the following challenge has been issued by No. 48:

Mazeppa Fire Company No. 48 do hereby challenge the victor at the trial at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, the 23d inst., "2d-class" Engines, for a friendly trial of Engines, through 400 feet of Hose, horizontally, for from $100 to $500.
Time and place to be named by Engine Company No. 1.
The Engines to be worked by ten members, or twenty, just as Engine Company No. 1 may decide.
The size of nozzle to be one inch in diameter.
GEORGE THOMPSON, Foreman.

THE CORA AND VIPER MATCH.—South Boston, Oct. 27, 1856.—DEAR FRANK,—I wish to trouble you once more on this Viper and Cora affair, aware of the impartiality of your sporting paper. Read the challenge. It says it was Mr. Merrill that gave the challenge, although Mr. Osborn says I gave the challenge; this is one falsehood; here is another: he said that I hauled the Cora up in the forenoon and had her bottom cleaned, and wanted to run at noon for $20 or $30; the men working at Mr. Kean's and Mr. Slane's glass works could prove this falsehood; the boat was tied, at this time, to a spile, drove in the mud, intended for a new wharf; this $30 had nothing to do with his challenge, it being a private affair. The truth is, I was at work in the forenoon of that day, painting an ornamental sign. I went to Mr. Osborn at noon, there being a stiff northeast wind at the time; my reason for going to him was his saying all around that the Cora was only a light weather boat, fit only for smooth water, and to test the two boats I told him I would run him for $30 of my own money; Mr. Stuart or Mr. Cummins knew nothing about it. Here is another notorious falsehood; for this Osborn says, I would not allow him to carry anything but jib and mainsail; I call your attention, Mr. QUEEN and readers of the CLIPPER, have you seen in my acceptance of the Viper's challenge, dated Oct. 4, 1856, any restrictions as to sails, or that I have mentioned a word about them. Here is another falsehood: that the gaff top of the Cora was put into her mainsail; any person wishing to know the truth can call at Mr. Stuart's shop, Second street, South Boston; the gaff was not touched or altered in any way. What he says as to my asking him to put up the money, I refer to Mr. Jones, who was standing by at the time he offered to put up $30 and run; and the second time Mr. Cummins called on him to put up the $100, his answer was that Mr. Merrill was not there, but that he would telegraph for him; he says again that the backers of the Cora wanted things all their own way; the Viper's challenge says 5 or 10 miles to windward and back. What did he leave me to choose but where to run? There are no regular regatta grounds in Boston harbor for sail boats; there had been a race from Hull on these grounds. What is this Osborn afraid of, wind and sea? In the challenge he did not mention where to run; I suppose he wanted to run in a mill or fish pond. Osborn ought to keep his tongue quiet when he goes round and says the Cora is nothing but a shingle, not fit for sea or wind, if he has not the courage or manliness to run in both or give her merit. When we raced with the Julia, twice, it was out to sea. But the owner, and I may almost say, builder, of the Julia, Mr. Tarbell, is honorable and courageous, who would not back out or get frightened from the sight of a wave or the wind, being strong like our friend Osborn. EUGENE KELLY.

We, the undersigned, did and do authorize "this man Kelly," as Osborn calls him, he being the designer and builder of the boat, to settle and manage this, as he did in two races we had with Mr. Tarbell, and we will back him up to any amount this said Kelly wishes. What is it to Osborn whether the owners or a man from the north pole comes forward, when the boat and money was there? Mr. Osborn's piece of Oct. 18, 1856, seems to us nothing but a tissue of falsehood. WM. J. STUART,
JOHN CUMMINS.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

HORSE EXHIBITION IN OHIO.—We learn from the *Mahoning County Register* that a horse exhibition opened in Youngstown on the 14th Oct., continuing three days. The attendance was quite numerous, and the races were well relished. Many fine horses were present and entered for the premiums. Most of them were young, and had never before been placed upon the turf in competition for premiums; but considering the condition of the track, which was very sandy and heavy, we consider that they made excellent time. In the opinion of old and experienced horsemen present, the best time made on this track—2:58—was equal to 2:40 on a course in good condition.

FIRST DAY.—Wednesday, Oct. 15, six horses were entered for the premium of $100, the entrance fees, ($150) to be added. Two mile heats, best two in three to harness. We append a summary:

N. Fuller's b. g. Don	1	1
A. Erwin's b. g. Cussewago Turk	2	2
C. D. Arms' br. g. Sodus Bay	3	3
John Watson's b. m. Fanny Robinson	4	4
W. R. Sterling br. g. Whalebone	5	5
W. H. Howe s r. g. Buckeye	6	6

Time—5:59.

SECOND DAY.—Thursday, Oct. 16, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the contest for the premium of $50, offered to Mahoning county horses exclusively, came off. Entrance fee $5, mile heats, best three in five, trotting, to go as they choose. Four horses were entered. Summary:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
L. Lampman's b. m. Spinning Jenny	2	1	2	1	1
G. Predmore's s. m. Pet	1	2	1	2	2
G. G. Murray's b. m. Bird	3	3	3	3	3
G. Lanterman's b. m. Mill Creek	4	4	4	4	4

Time—3:12; 3:14; 3:16; 3:15; 3:14.

SAME DAY—TWO O'CLOCK.—Four horses were entered for the premium of $50, which was open to all. The entrance fee was $10, to be added to the premium, mile heats, best three in five, trotting, in harness. Summary:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
C. H. Andrews's s. m. Jessie	2	1	1	1
N. Fuller, b. m. Flora Temple	1	3	2	2
Felix Lafferty's b. g. John McAvay	3	2	3	3
H. B. Moore's b. m. May Flower	distanced.			

Time—3:11; 3:11; 3:11; 3:18.

THIRD DAY.—Friday, Oct. 17, at 10 o'clock, A. M., was the time fixed for the exhibition of Pacing Horses. Premium $50, entrance $10, to be added to premium, mile heats, in harness, best three in five. Three horses were entered, and the following is the result, Ohio Boy taking the premium against the field:

Ripley's s. g. Ohio Boy	1	1	1
Felix Lafferty's s. m Kate Hayes	2	2	2
—— —— r. g. Butcher Boy	3	3	3

Time—2:56; 2:52; 2:54.

SAME DAY—ONE O'CLOCK.—This was the most exciting contest of the exhibition, and the best time was made. Nine horses were entered for the premium, $50, entrance fee $10, to be added to premium; mile heats, best three in five, to go as they please, either in harness or to saddle. The following horses were entered:

L. Pelton's bl. s. Black Hawk.
C. H Andrew's s. m. Jessie.
F. Lafferty's b. g. John McAvay.
C. D. Arms' br. g Sodus Bay.
W. Howe's s. m.
John Watson's b. m. Fanny Robinson.
N. Fuller's b. g. Don.
W. R. Sterling's g. br. Whalebone.
A. Erwin's b. g. Cussewago Turk.

Pelton's horse, Black Hawk, won the three first heats, to saddle, beating the field and taking the premium of $140. Time: 3—2:58—2:59. This was a very handsome trial of speed and closed the horse exhibition.

THE MULE EXHIBITION.—The grand finale, however, was the mule exhibition on Saturday, 18th. That was "fun alive." A premium of $25 was offered, mile heats, best two in three, to saddle. The riders took their seats, and 20 mules were drawn into line, and the word given. Some went and some didn't "went," some started backwards, a few forwards; some "brought up" in the fence corners, and some tipped up before and dumped their riders into the sand "headfust," leaving them like the ostrich in ambush; others took a "short turn" across the field, and very few went round the track. The mules brayed, men and boys shouted, and altogether it was a very laughable scene. We made up our mind that mules were uncontrollable and "stubborn as jackasses." The premium was finally divided between the white mule from Girard, and the brown from Crab Creek.

LINCOLN (ME.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The fourth annual cattle show of the Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society was lately held in Thomaston. After preliminary exercises at the Baptist Church, a procession was formed with the Rockland and Thomaston fire companies, to hear an address from Dr. B. F. Buxton, of Warren. A grand dinner was enjoyed at the Knox House, and on the first day in the afternoon the drawing match took place. Among the horses were some smart trotters. The cereal and horticultural displays were very fine. The affair was kept up for two days, and closed with a grand ball at the St. George's Hotel. From the list of premiums we can only mention those given for horses:

J. W. Partridge, Bristol, on breeding mares, 3d premium, $2.

James Grinnell, Union, on colt, premium, $1.

Seth Vose, Thomaston, family horse, 6 years old, premium, $4.

E. W. Robinson, Thomaston, family horse, 2d premium, $2.

Timothy Williams, Rockland, 2-year-old colt, 2d premium, $2.

John Matthews, Warren, mare and colt, gratuity, $50.

Church Vaughan, Warren, colt, 3 years old, gratuity, $50.

John A. Skinner, Warren, colt, 3 years old, 2d premium, $1.50.

Dexter Chapman, Nobleboro, colt, 2 years old, premium, $1.

Peter Fuller, Warren, family horse, 1st premium, $3.

S. P. Perry, South Thomaston, stud colts, gratuity, one copy of Agricultural Reports.

M. G. Bradford, Friendship, colt, 1 year old, gratuity, do.

N. Clark, Union, family horse, 10 years old, gratuity, do.

B. L. Jones, Union, colt, 3 years old, gratuity, do.

H. Young, Union, breeding mare, 8 yrs old, gratuity, do.

N. B. Bemis, Union, family horse, 5 yrs old, gratuity, do.

T. W. Spear, Rockland, 4-horse team, premium, $3.

J. Stephens, Warren, colt, 2 years old, 1st premium, $2.

W. Adams, Thomaston, colt, 5 years old, gratuity, one copy of Agricultural Reports.

Lorenzo Martin, Rockland, span draught horses, gratuity, $2.

Alvin M. Lain, Rockland, span draught horses, gratuity, $2.

Jerome Kennedy, New Castle, stud colt, 3 years old, 1st premium, $5.

Daniel Morse, Thomaston, colt, 2 years old. Copy of Agricultural Reports.

The broad streets of Thomaston never did seem so lively and gay on any previous occasion. The ladies, the military, the firemen, the mechanics, the sailors, and the learned professions, all united to do honor to the energetic farmers of Lincoln county in glorious old Maine.

GARDINER, ME.—The County Fair lately held in Gardiner was very successful, and five prizes for riding were awarded to ladies, as follows: The first of $25 to Miss L. A. Wakefield of West Gardiner; the second of $20 to Miss Sarah E. Kezar of Wintbrop; the third of $15 to Miss Emma Atwood of Gardiner; the fourth of $10 to Miss Flora Knickerson of Pittston; the fifth of $5 to Mrs. Almira Osgood of Gardiner.

SAGADAHOC, ME.—At the Agricultural Fair lately held in this place prizes were won by Miss Louisa Nudd, of Brunswick: Miss Margaret Rogers, of Bath; and Miss Angelipe Hildreth, of Topsham.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FAIR.—The fine city of St. Louis has been rendered still more attractive by the triumphant termination of the Fair of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association. The grounds were about three miles from the Levee. They comprised about thirty acres, purchased for $60,000, and cost about as much more for fitting up. The President, J. R. Barrett, has been much aided by the services of Messrs. Todd, Blow, Grimsley, and Harper.

By the third day of this year's exhibition the managers found that the expenses were sure of redemption. On the fourth day, not less than seventy thousand spectators came to see St. Lawrence and Silverheel, (two black stallions, both beautiful, but the latter equal to the finest steed that ever spurned the sands of the Arabian desert,) after beating nine competitors, contended singly for the prize. The horses shining black, with arched necks, flowing manes and tails; and fiery eyeballs and distended nostrils, circled round and round, stepping high and far hand over hand in lengthened curves, devouring the ground most rapidly. Cheer after cheer broke from the audience, until the acclamation became continuous—drowning in the storm the voices of all the musical instruments; the musicians themselves, with the quick motion of their hands and heads, looking as if they were laboring desperately in some frantic pantomine. Glancing around the ring, the eye was bewildered with the myriad of faces, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the uprising of whole circles of spectators as the excitement reached its climax. The spectacle imparted a feeling of power like mountains or the ocean. When this episode was over and all were again seated, and silent, you perceived that the amphitheatre was almost filled to the roof, between which and the heads towering up to it, you were barely able to see the trees which stood outside. The gayer garments of the ladies adorned the dark mass, seemingly investing the whole with a robe of many colors.

For six days the popular approval of this energetic society was kept up with great *eclat*, and we regret that our limits will not enable us to give more particulars this week.

PLOWING AND SPADING MATCH.—Premiums being offered by the American Institute for plowing and spading, a match came off on the 24th, at Harlem. The ground selected was a piece of light, dry, sandy soil, not far from the house of Mr. Leslie, River House, where the Committee assembled, and on land belonging to the late Mr. C. H. Hall.

The stipulations as to plowing were, that the quantity of ground for each team should be one-eighth of an acre of green sward. The time occupied to be an hour. The furrow not less than seven inches deep. Each plowman to do his work without a driver.

The first premium, a silver cup, value $15, was awarded to Ira Peck, of Orange, New Jersey. The second, a cup, worth $10, to Asa B. Munn, of Orange, New Jersey. The third, a silver medal, to Andrew Fitzpatrick, of Harlem.

The spading match was interesting. There were three premiums. The time an hour, the depth ten inches, the surface twenty feet long and ten feet wide. William Beatty, of Mott Haven, Westchester county, won the first prize, a silver cup worth $10. The second, a cup, value $8, was won by James Vance, of Harlem; and the third, a silver medal, by Roger O'Connor, an active young Milesian. The father of O'Connor, Edward O'Connor, a veteran cultivator of Irish fruit, aged above eighty, took a patch and "bate the boy intirely." He was first through, and gave his son a smart warming; but the son's work was thought by the judges in some respects better entitled to the prize—the bystanders remarking that "no man upon earth can handle a spade so naturally or so well as an Irishman."

AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT FREDERICTON, N. B.—This lively place is now in the full enjoyment of a very well attended cattle fair and horse show, and we shall be able to get the details in time for our next issue.

STANLEY (YORK CO., N. B.) AGRICULTURAL SHOW.—On the 16th of October this part of the province of New Brunswick was enlivened by an admirably arranged agricultural fair, in which the farmers and other competitors displayed a praiseworthy spirit, not so much for the amount of the premiums as for a justifiable emulation. The judges for horses, cattle and swine were Messrs. Geo. L. Hatheway and Mr. John McLean. We select merely the premiums for horses, and their owners' names:—

		£	s.	d.
Best Entire Horse	Jas. Fairley	0	10	0
Best Brood Mare and Colt	T. Pringle	0	10	0
2d best ditto, ditto	Wm. Plant	0	7	6
3d best ditto, ditto	W. Currie	0	5	0
Best 3-year-old Colt	Andrew Waugh	0	7	6
2d do.	do.	W. Gover	0	5	0
Best 2-year-old Colt	Wm. Currie	0	7	6
2d do.	do	George Humble	0	5	0
Best 1-year-old Colt	Thos. Pringle	0	7	6
2d do.	do.	R. Scott	0	5	0
3d do.	do	John Kerr	0	2	6
Best span Working Horses	T. Jaffrey	0	10	0
2d do.	do.	J. McLaggan	0	7	6
3d do.	do	D. Turnbull	0	5	0

The agricultural and manufacturing prizes were well won and graciously awarded by J. A. Beckwith, President of the York County Agricultural Society. The following amusing communication came from a lady:—"Esther Buchanan, of Stanley, challenges the County of York to produce a weaver who will weave as much cloth in the same time, and do it as well. Or she will weave against time—twenty-eight yards in seventeen hours—for a bet of £5." Well done, Esther Buchanan!

REGATTA AT MILWAUKIE.—Milwaukie, Oct. 28th.—*Dear Clipper:* This morning the Race for the Champion Colors came off at 11½ o'clock. The boats entered were the Jesse Fremont and John C. Fremont, 4-oars; Wenona, 6-oars—all of Milwaukie. The way in which the race was run, was, that the boats should start the same as in the last regattu. But when they came to form, the Wenona crew said that they wished they should allow the 30 seconds on coming in; and if they would not do so, they would not pull; and as the thing was all on one side, it was decided to alter it, as the judges were all friends of the Wenona, and no other boat had their judges. After they got the word "go," the Fremont led them all, and turned the stake-boat a head, and then the Wenona passed the John C. Fremont. The Jesse only went as far as the bend of the river, and gave out; and when the Wenona passed them coming back, they were 15 seconds ahead of the Fremont; and when they arrived at Sweet's warehouse, the Fremont was gaining on the Wenona; and the minute the Wenona struck the line, the judges called time; but when the Freemont got about three feet under the line, they called time; and first they said the Fremont won, and then said the Wenona won by a second, which does not look altogether correct. A great many outsiders kept the time also, and stated that the Fremont was only 26 seconds behind. I do not think everything was on the square. The time made was:

Wenona .....16:58 | John C. Fremont....17:29

The time is much better than that on the day of the regatta, as the boys did not get down to their work as they did to-day. The weather was very cloudy and there was a very strong breeze, which somewhat impeded the boats' time. The Fremont has gone the same distance in 16:45. The Excelsior Club has challenged the Wenona Club to pull for the colors again next week; they have either to accept the challenge, or deliver over the flag. Yours, OLD SPORT.

CRICKET.

CRICKET ON LONG ISLAND.—The Long Island Club closed the season on Tuesday, the 28th ult., by a day's play, after which they adjourned to Mr. Applin's house and partook of supper; the evening was spent in a most convivial and happy manner, cricket, of course, being the principal topic of conversation. They intend, we believe, to have their grounds enlarged and improved previous to the ensuing season, showing conclusively that cricket in that vicinity is not dead but sleepeth.

ORIENT VS. EMPIRE.—A well-contested cricket match came off between these clubs on Saturday, October 25th, on the grounds of the former, Powelton, West Philadelphia. Some fine fielding was done on both sides. Pancoast, of the Empire, and Byrnes, of the Orient, made two beautiful catches; much praise is also due to Smith, long stop of the Empire. J. Young, of the Empire, scored some beautiful three runs. The following is the score:

ORIENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1.	A. Foster c H. Wharton	1	E. Foster run out	0
2.	R. Lisle c Pancoast	3	A. Foster c H Wharton b De Coursey	0
3.	C. Etting b H. Wharton	4	Lisle b Waples	4
4.	Farquhar b De Coursey	0	G. Kemble run out	0
5.	G Kemble run out	5	E. Kemble b De Coursey	3
6.	Byrnes b Waples	0	Farquhar not out	4
7.	E. Kemble c Delworth b Waples	1	Byrnes b De Coursey	0
8.	Gaskill b De Coursey	4	Gaskill c Godwin b De Coursey	0
9.	E. Foster not out	6	Pierce b De Coursey	3
10.	Rosengarten b H. Wharton	0	Rosengarten b Waples	0
11.	E. Florence b Waples	1	Wateman b Waples	2
	Bye	1	No ball	1
	Total	26	Total	17

EMPIRE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1.	Dilworth c Kemble b Farquhar	0	Thomas c G. Kemble b Farquhar	0
2.	Pancoast c Rosengarten b G. Kemble	0	Blakeston b G. Kemble	1
3.	H. Wharton b Farquhar	2	Pancoast b G. Kemble	0
4.	Waples c Rosengarten b A. Foster	8	Wharton b G. Kemble	5
5.	De Coursey c A. Foster b Farquhar	2	Waples b Farquhar	0
6.	Atlee c Rosengarten b A. Foster	0	De Coursey c Byrnes b G. Kemble	4
7.	J. Young b Farquhar	2	Atlee c Rosengarten	0
8.	Godwin b Farquhar	5	J. Young run out	10
9.	Smith c A. Foster b Farquhar	1	Godwin b G. Kemble	0
10.	G. Wharton b G. Kemble	0	Smith not out	4
11.	R. Young not out	0	G. Wharton b Farquhar	0
	Bye	1	Byes	2
	Total	47	Total	26

NEWARK VS. MECHANICS.—The return match between the second eleven of the Mechanics' Club and the third eleven of the Newark Club was played at Newark, on Thursday, October 30th, which was won by the Newarkers, with ten wickets to spare. For Newark: Messrs. Stapleton, Clark, and Welsted batted admirably, as did also Messrs. Jones and Woof, of the Mechanics. There were a number of American players on both sides, and it gives us pleasure to state that they bid fair to become first-rate cricketers; the game is getting more and more popular in Newark every day, there being always a concourse of people to witness these friendly encounters. The score was as follows:

MECHANICS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1.	Powell b J. Jefferson	4	b J. Jefferson	8
2.	Jones b J. Jefferson	14	st Stapleton b Dark	19
3.	Woof run out	16	run out	0
4.	Cockroft b J. Jeffeison	0	c Clark b Dark	0
5.	Biddett b Dark	1	b J. Jefferson	1
6.	Happerton b J. Jefferson	4	run out	11
7.	T. Farrell st Stapleton b Jefferson	0	run out	8
8.	McLaughlin b Jefferson	2	not out	0
9.	Stokes not out	1	run out	1
	Byes 4, wides 3	7	Byes 5, wide 1	6
	Total	49	Total	56

NEWARK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1.	Dark c Cockroft b Powell	2		
2.	Barbour b Cockroft	0	not out	2
3.	Welsted b Powell	16		
4.	J. Jefferson b Cockroft	1		
5.	Stapleton c Woof b Jones	33		
6.	Lands c Jones b Jones	0	not out	3
7.	Clark not out	24		
8.	Mills b Cockroft	5		
9.	Walter l b w b Cockroft	2		
	Byes 18, no ball 1	19		
	Total	102	Total	5

PIGEON SHOOTING.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—City of Reading, Oct. 27, 1856.—DEAR FRANK: A pigeon shooting match came off at Neidley's, on Saturday, 25th inst., for eleven turkeys. There were eight competitors, at 5 pigeons each, 20 yards rise, 100 yards fall, 1¼ oz. shot, from spring trap. The following is a summary:

J. Burkhart	0 1 1 1 0—3	Wm. Lutz	1 1 0 0 1—3
A. Ignotus	0 1 0 1 0—2	James Pfleger	1 1 0 1 1—4
H. Gossler	1 0 1 1 1—4	John Pfleger	1 0 0 1 0—2
M. B. Scull	1 1 0 1 1—4	Wm. Lutz for N. B.	1 1 1 1 1—5

Resulting in favor of our old friend Lutz, who has proven himself again—(he was very unfortunate on his chance, his third bird having fallen dead one yard out of bounds)—which entitled him to four turkeys, the choice of the lot; Messrs. G., P., S., and B., the balance.

Immediately afterwards a pop took place between A. Ignotus and J. P., at two pigeons each, 1 oz. shot; conditions as former.

A. Ignotus	1 1—2	J. P.	1 0—1

Another for a purse, at three pigeons each; conditions as former, with the exception of 1 oz. shot. The following is a summary:

A. Ignotus	1 1 1—3	J. Burkhart	1 0 1—2
H. Gossler	1 1 1—3	Wm. Lutz	0 0 1—1
James Pfleger	0 1 0—1	M. Scull	0 0 1—1

On Wednesday, October 22d, another match came off, at the same place, for several turkeys, at five pigeons each, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 100 yards fall.

A. Ignotus	1 1 0 1 0—3	H. Gossler	1 0 1 1 1—4
S. McNeal	1 1 1 0 0—3	M. Scull	1 1 0 1 1—4

PIGEON FEATHER.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN VERMONT.—A match came off at Bellows Falls on the 15th of Oct., for a Silver Tea Set, worth $200, consisting of five pieces, which were divided into five prizes, and were won as follows:

The first prize was won by Mr. Smith, of Boston, making inches.

2d, by Mr. Phillips, of New York, making 17½.

3d, by Mr. Hanen, of South Farmingham, Mass., 18½.

4th, by Mr. Farington, of Lebanon, N. H., making

5th, by Mr. Perry, of Bellows Falls, making 19½.

The shooting was done at rest, 40 rods, ten shots—shot measured from the centre of the target to the of the ball-hole, and shot in whatever way the thought best.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life, Oct. 12, 1856.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

OCT. 21.—Robinson and Tyler—£25 a side, London.
JAN. 6, 1857.—Aaron Jones and Tom Sayers—£100 a side, London.

JACK PRIOR AND ALEC ANDREWS.—These lads fought at Old Haven, on Tuesday last, for £5 a side. Andrews was seconded by Spider and Bill Bowers and Prior by George Brown and Billy Duncan. It was a gallant little affair, and lasted three hours and fifteen minutes, during which 104 rounds were fought. In the end Andrews was declared the winner, Prior having fallen without a blow. Andrews injured his hand very early in the fight by cutting one of the leaders, or his job would have been over sooner.

WILKINSON AND LANCASTER.—We have received several contradictory statements from the friends of both of these men, whose fight was interrupted last week. As we do not believe the public take any interest in the matter, and as we are utterly uuable to determine which is in the right, we must leave the men to their own course, unless they mutually agree upon our naming a day and place.

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN HALL AND EDWARDS.—It may not be amiss to call the attention of all the men implicated in this affair against whom proceedings were taken, to the fact that Thursday next is the day appointed for the hearing.

INTERESTING MATCH.—AARON JONES AND TOM SAYERS.—On Tuesday last Aaron Jones and Tom Saysrs met at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, and drew articles to fight, for £100 a side, at catch weight, on the 6th of January, on the home circuit. £10 a side was deposited, and the remaining deposits of £10 a side are to be made in the following order:—the second at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle-street, Oct. 14; third, Mr. Jackson's, King-street Mews, Grosvenor-square, Oct. 21; fourth, at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourn-passage, Oct. 28; fifth, Mr. Hardwick's, Plough and Harrow, Hammersmith, Nov. 4; the sixth at Dan Dismore's, King's Arms, Smarts-buildings, Nov. 11; the seventh at Alec Keene's, Nov. 18; the eigth at Joe Phelps's, Green Dragon, Villiers-street, Nov. 25; the ninth, of £10 a side, at Spider's, Old King John, Holywell-lane, Dec. 9; the last at Alec Keene's, Dec. 30. This match will be looked forward to with much interest, and will worthily supply the vacancy occasioned by the forfeit in the late match for the championship.

BOB TRAVERS TO OLD MIKE MADDEN.—The Black thinks that a few pounds should not stand in the way of a good treat to the fancy, and as both he and Mike want to box, a match can be made any night at Nat Langham's, for 100 a side, at 10st 2lb, and old Mike may bring the kid with him.

GEORGE CROCKETT will fight Bob Travers (the Black) or Cobley, for £50 a side. If that does not suit them, he will fight any other man at 10st, bar Brettle or Bill Hayes, on the same terms.

MIKE MADDEN, in reply to Brettle's challenge of last week, says he is still anxious fer a match. Likewise he begs to remind Brettle that he is in business himself, but he should very much like to have a shy for £100, at 10st. 2½lb.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE BETWEEN TWO OFFICERS OF THE GUARDS.—A highly interesting foot race, which has been the theme of much conversation, and speculation also, in the higher military circles of late, came off on Thursday last, at the new race course, Shepherd's Bush. The parties were Major Astley, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and Captain Bathurst, of the Grenadier Guards, gentlemen, both of whom, especially the former, have gained considerable celebrity as two of the fleetest Corinthian runners of the day. About three o'clock the quick succession of spicy drags and high-mettled tits that drove up to the door of the Wheat Sheaf hostelry, adjoining the race course, put the whole neighborhood on the *qui vive*, and gave certain indication that something of unusual interest was about to come off; and on entering the ground we saw the contending parties preparing for action, surrounded by a number of their respective friends, most of whom were officers of the Guards, and, amongst others, we saw Viscount Drumlanrig, Sir George Wombwell, Bart, (who was taken prisoner at Balaklava,) Hon. E. B. Portman, Hon. Major Frazer, Major Gipps, Hon. Capt. Mostyn, Capt. Sayers, (Major Astley's old pedestrian opponent, and still lame from the effect of a wound he received at Alma,) &c., &c., &c. At half-past three o'clock the competitors toed the scratch in the finest possible condition; from the circumstance of the captain being longer limbed, and some six or seven years younger than his opponent, the betting was slightly in his favor, but from the well earned fame of the major, and the recollection of his numerous pedestrian triumphs, there were very few at all inclined to lay the slightest odds against him. Major Astley was encircled by the splendid champion's belt which he won at the foot races in the Crimea (where, it may be recollected, he also was severely wounded), during the recent campaign, having outstripped all his military opponents. The contest is soon described—but we should have stated ere now the distance to be traversed was 125 yards, for what sum, if any, or whether the match was merely for the "pride of place," we know not. At the time above specified, and on the signal being given, both gentlemen bounded away at the top of their speed with a perfectly level start, and ran shoulder to shoulder for the first 80 yards, when the major got the lead by a foot or so, an advantage which he maintained during the remainder of the spin, and ran in a winner, but not by more than half a yard, amidst the acclamations of his friends, accompanied by the "popping" of champagne corks in all directions. After a short interval the same parties walked a mile, but in this trial of speed the captain proved the victor, defeating the gallant major by about three yards. A purse was subsequently subscribed by the gentlemen present for a hurdle race, into the competition for which both the captain and major entered *con spiritu*; this wound up the sports of the day, which gave universal satisfaction to all present.

BADGERS' MATCH V HORSE.—On Monday last the match between Alfred Badger, of Wolverhampton to run and leap over twelve flights of hurdles, 3ft 6in in height, the best of heats, against the well known steeple chase horse Vainhope, came off on the grounds of the Noah's Ark Inn, at Hartshill, Newcastle, Staffordshire, the backer of the horse staking £15 to £12, and to start by first rise of flag. Upwards of eight hundred persons were present to witness the match, and a good deal of betting took place at evens. At the time appointed (two o'clock) man and horse appeared at the strating post, and the word being given Badger went off at a rattling pace, clearing his hurdles in first-rate style. The horse broke down in clearing the first hurdle, and in the second heat at half way bolted, Badger going in an easy winner. A second match took place over the same hurdles, Badger running against Mr. Baddesley's mare, for an even £5. Betting was in favor of the mare, but she had not a shadow of a chance with Badger, who cleared all his hurdles in a superior manner, and won both heats cleverly, in the last heat having the best by five hurdles.

PUDNEY AND JACKSON.—These pedestrian celebrities are again matched to run 10 miles for £25 a side, at Garrattlane, Wandsworth, on Monday, the 17th of next November.

JAMES PUDNEY (Champion of England) is matched to run 11 miles within the hour, for £25 a side, on Wednesday, Oct. 22, at the Prince of Wales's Cricket Ground, Old White House, Abingdon road, Oxford.

THE "FISTIC" ARENA.

"LONGEST FIGHT ON RECORD."

Fight between Bill Hayes and Mike Madden, for £100 a Side, July 17, 1849.

From "Fights for the Championship."

THE next mill to which we call the attention of our readers is that between Bill Hayes and Mike Madden, which is the longest on record, occupying 6 hours and 3 minutes. It took place on the 17th of July, 1849, and the Editor, in describing it, says:

"If the men opposed to each other had not distinguished themselves by any extraordinary talent in their former engagements, they at least secured friends sufficiently rich to put down £100 a side to be contended for, a proof that the spirit to encourage men of this class, if entitling themselves to respect, is by no means extinguished. Madden is a protegee of Jem Burn's, and having displayed milling qualities of no ordinary character at the *soirees* of this worthy, by way of trial in real combat, was matched against Walker, of Stony Stratford, for £25 a side. This battle occupied a period of 5 hours and 40 minutes, and ended in a draw, darkness intervening to prevent a decision of the contest. Here, at least, he showed powers of endurance and courage; but it was alleged he had been drawn too fine in his training, and that his muscular strength was thereby so much diminished as to prevent his giving a finishing stroke to his handiwork. Having lost nothing in the good opinion of his patrons, he was next matched against his present opponent, the articles specifying that neither of them should exceed 10st. 2lbs. Hayes is a young man whose fighting weight does not exceed 9st. 9lbs., but this inequality in frame was considered amply balanced by his superior skill in the use of his digits, a skill which he signally displayed in his fights with Finn, Cooper, Sam Martin, and George Crockett, all of whom he conquered. Madden trained under the superintendence of Alec Keene, and Hayes in the care of Sam East, the pedestrian. On Monday, both went to scale at Dan Dismore's, when it was discovered that Madden was only half a pound under his weight, while Hayes did not exceed 9st. 7lb., the latter thus giving 9lb. to his more burly opponent.

"A special train was chartered on the South Eastern Railway, the place of fighting being Edenbridge, about 40 miles on the road to Dover. Tickets were issued for nearly 400 passengers, and, on Tuesday morning, the scene at the appointed starting place was sufficiently indicative of the excitement which was abroad. Hayes and Madden were both on the platform, looking remarkably well, and receiving the congratulations of their friends with apparent cheerfulness. The company was of course of a mixed character, embracing many sprigs of the nobility. At 10 o'clock the whistle of departure sounded, and the journey was commenced, the train reaching its destination soon after 11. A field having been previously selected, the train stopped half a mile short of the station, where all disembarked, and the ring was speedily formed.

"Everything being in readiness, the combatants made their *salaams*, Madden attended by Keene and Hannan, Hayes by Jemmy Welsh and Young Sambo. The condition of the men was unexceptionable; Hayes looked as thin and wiry as a greyhound, and was scarcely less active in his movements, while a smile of confidence illumined his mug. Madden, on the contrary, was stout and muscular in his upper works, although his pins, like those of Hayes, were of the pipe-stopper build. The advantage in weight and bulk was perceptible, but there was a deliberateness in his actions and an absence of fire in his frontispiece anything but indicative of natural quickness. Hayes was the favorite at 5 to 4, at which price a good deal of money was laid out. At 1 o'clock the men threw themselves into position.

THE FIGHT.

Of this our description must necessarily be confined to a mere outline. The rounds, in fact, were so much alike from the beginning to the end, with a few exceptions, that their details would be as tedious to the reader as they were to the spectator. Hayes commenced operations with all the gaiety of a squirrel, popping in and out, and feinting with his left, to draw his more serious opponent, who, however, was steady on his guard, and stepped back when he saw danger approach, occasionally trying his left on the ribs, but without getting home. In this way 8 minutes were consumed. At last they got nearer their work, and counter-hits with the left were exchanged, which reached Hayes's nose, and Madden's cheek, and roused up their sensibilities, and the pipes of their friends, who cheered vociferously. The round was protracted for no less than 38 minutes, during which there was a good deal of stopping, left and right, advancing and retreating, with slight exchanges, Hayes getting in on Madden's chest, and occasionally dropping slightly on his frontispiece, neither getting sufficiently close to make an impression. At last Hayes popped in a pretty one on Madden's mouth, thereby drawing first blood. Madden, in return, dropped on his cheek, but no real mischief was perceptible. After a tiresome repetition of these manœuvres, they rushed to a close, hit left and right, and both were down. In the 2d round, Hayes made all the show of fighting, but Madden, who was cautious, was not to be thrown off his guard, and stopped his left-handed visitations with great neatness. Finally, there was an exchange of left and right hits, when Hayes threw Madden, who showed anything but precision in his deliveries. In the 3d round, after some wild exchanges, Madden rushed to the close, threw Hayes, and fell on him. Again, in the 4th round, Hayes got home on the mouth with his left, drawing more carmine. Madden bustled in, planted his one two, and Hayes got on his knees. In the 5th round, after some pretty exchanges, Madden closed, and threw his man. In the 6th, Hayes was again busy, and, with his left, got in on Madden's phiz, but on Mike rushing to in-fighting, he dropped on his knees, and looked up. In the following six rounds, the same style of fighting was pursued, but little execution was done. Madden, with great stoicism, stood to receive Hayes's left-handed pops, and returned left and right, but Hayes played the old soldier, and invariably got down to avoid, apprehensive, no doubt, of the strength and weight of his opponent, and thus one hour was exhausted. From this to the 50th round, completing the second hour, there were alternate changes, sometimes Madden having the best of the hitting, at other times Hayes, the latter frequently getting down to avoid. The repeated pops on Madden face began to tell, more especially on his lips, which presented a most unseemly aspect. Hayes, however, did not go scot free, and the deliveries on his nut and left ear, from Madden's right, evidently told their tales. He was still, however, lively on his pins, and laughed with unshaken confidence, although it was remarked that Mike was always first on his legs at the call of time. Madden repeatedly dropped his right and left on Hayes's ribs and stomach, leaving ruddy contusions. It was now remarked that Mike's right hand was considerably swollen. In this way, up to the 92d round, three hours having expired, the battle was continued. Hayes showed evident symptoms of weakness, and for several successive rounds, no sooner did he succeed in planting his left and right than he dropped, a system so vexatious to Madden, that in one or two instances he dropped on him almost intentionally, which occasioned a cry of foul. This was not, however, recognized in consequence of the apparent weakness of both. The frequent repetition of Hayes's deliveries on Madden's peepers had their natural effect, and both now began to close, and it required all the ingenuity of his seconds to keep them open; still he was always first on his legs, and the confidence of his friends was confirmed by the unshaken character of the courage which he displayed. At the expiration of four hours, 130 rounds had been fought, and still no appearance on either side of being satisfied, and Jem Burn offered to bet £5 the fight would last an hour longer—an offer quite consistent with his knowledge of the endurance of his man—and, at the fifth hour, the conclusion appeared almost as far removed as ever. Hayes was obviously much fatigued, and Madden did not exhibit any very extraordinary vigor. The call of time was very slowly obeyed by both, although Madden was generally the first to assume the perpendicular. Hayes, when operations did commence, was the more active on his legs, as well as the more showy and effective in the use of his fists, renewing his pops, left and right, if not with finishing effect, at least with increasing detriment to Mike's pimple, which presented rather the aspect of an over-fed Chinese grunter than the countenance of an Adonis. His eyes were nearly closed, and his mouth had more the appearance of a dilapidated bung-hole than the ordinary symmetry of a kissing-trap. Hayes, however, was not to be complimented on possessing very superior beauty. His eyes and cheeks bore pretty obvious marks of the repeated visitations to which they had been subject, while his left ear had all the recommendatory characteristics of a black pudding. His body was also scored in various directions; still his eyes were good, and his hands apparently as unscathed as ever, while his activity, when up, appeared to be undiminished, and he played round his man in a style which evinced perfect self-possession. They repeatedly stood looking at each other for minutes in succession, much to the advantage of Hayes, who thereby collected fresh wind. Madden became slower and slower, and at last only stood up to receive, as the quickness of Hayes enabled him to get away from his returns, and playfully dance round him. Finally, in the 165th round, six hours and three minutes having then elapsed, Jem Burn saw that poor Mike had not a chance of turning the scale in his favor, and the sponge was thrown up, much to the dissatisfaction of Madden, who was still desirous of protracting the struggle. This, however, would have been fruitless, for Hayes was still well on his legs, and, notwithstanding the protracted nature of his labors, appeared as lively as a kitten, the helpless state of his opponent giving him renewed confidence.

REMARKS.

Few remarks are necessary on a mill which exceeded in duration any engagement ever fought, and which only served to evince the enduring powers with which both men were gifted. That Hayes was the better fighter, as well as best acquainted with the use of his pins in the closes, there could be no doubt; his repeated deliveries left and right, and his quickness in getting away, proclaimed him a master of the science. His hits, however, were little more than taps from first to last, and it was only to their frequent repetition that the disorganized state of Madden's dial can be ascribed. There was nothing stinging in his visitations, nor was there anything to indicate those finishing qualities which constitute the beau-ideal of a British boxer.

Madden is by no means a first-chop fighter, and was receiver-general almost throughout. He lost the use of his right hand early in the fight, and although his returns were frequent, they were not sufficient to turn the tide in his favor. The fulness of his flesh was a disadvantage, which the swollen state of his face rendered obvious, while the thin and hatchet muzzle of Hayes resisted those impressions which, under other circumstances, might have reduced him to a state of blindness similar to that at which Madden had arrived. Of the game of both men there could be no question. They displayed indomitable courage; and if Hayes did fall more often than was agreeable to the lovers of a "fair stand-up fight," it may be ascribed to his being pitted against a heavier man.

SCIENCE OF SOUND.

IT is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a distance. Thus if we approach within a mile or two of the town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but most distinctly the organ, and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, Amati, be played by the side of a modern, the latter will sound much the louder of the two, but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Durham, states that at Gibraltar, the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well-known fact that the human voice is heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in the open plains, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which he knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far.

"This property of music in the human voice," says an author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedral abroad. Hence the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to the devotee, however placed, in the remotest part of the church; whereas if the same service had been read, the sounds would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, are those who in modulating the voice render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourse in the House of Commons, to send the members to dinner. "Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tone was sweet, rich and beautifully varied;" says a writer, describing the orator, "when he raised his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; and then he had a spirit-stirring note, which was perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power; then the house sunk before him. Still he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed everyone with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words, that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

AN AGED ACTRESS.

PEG FRYER was a favorite actress in the reign of Charles the Second, and after a long absence returned to the stage, merely by way of a visit, in the reign of George the First. Charles Molloy, Esq., took a farce, called the "Half-pay Officer," from a tragi-comedy of Sir William Davenant's, entitled "Love and Honor," and prevailed on Mrs. Fryer to take once more her original character of Lady Richlove, which being that of an old woman, suited her years. Accordingly she was thus announced in the bills of Lincoln's-in-fields Theatre:—"Lady Richlove by the famous Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon the stage for these fifty years, and who will dance a jig at the end of the farce." A few remembered her, and went to the theatre to see an old favorite; but most went out of curiosity to see Mrs. Fryer, then (1720) eighty-five years of age. This extraordinary woman sustained her part with great spirit, and was received with the most gratifying applause. But when she was to dance, she came on the stage, apparently quite exhausted by her exertions, and scarcely able to support herself, made her obedience to the audience, and was about to retire, when the orchestra struck up the Irish trot, and the animated old woman danced her promised jig with the nimbleness and vivacity of five-and-twenty, laughing at the surprise of the audience, and receiving unbounded applause. Mrs. Fryer, after this, kept a tavern and ordinary at Tottenham-court; and her house was continually thronged with company, who went out of curiosity to converse with this extraordinary old woman.

THE INDIAN AND THE FLASK OF BRANDY.

SOME visitors to the Falls of Niagara found an Indian standing on a rock above the cataract. At a little distance was a projecting point of land, between which and the spot where the savage stood, the rapids were sweeping with a smooth but swift current. One of the travelers asked the red man if he could swim through the rapids to the point. "I cannot tell," was the reply, "but I will try if you will give me that flask of brandy, which your servant has in his hand." The flask was accordingly given to him, and taking it in his hand, he plunged in the tide. He swam vigorously, and soon seemed about to achieve his dangerous enterprise. But deficient for a successful execution of the exploit, either in strength or skill, he missed the point, and shooting a little below it, he was instantly at the mercy of the rapids. He saw his error and his danger, and struggled with desperate energy to gain the land. In vain! Every sweep of his vigorous arm leaves him farther from the island, and nearer to the spot where the glassy water bends over the rock. Seeing all chance of escape was passed, the savage ceased his efforts, and drifted in the stream. Then rising on the tide, he held the flask in one hand, while he wrung out the cork with the other, and applying the inverted vessel to his lips, disappeared over the cataract!

THE GAME OF CHESS.

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I perceive that in your reply to C. F. F. in last week's CLIPPER, you suggest the possibility of organising a Chess Club in this city, and advise an interchange of names between those desiring it. I for one would be gratified to see such a thing consumated, and would gladly join with any others in establishing it. I am inclined to think as you do, that there are enough Chess players in this city to form a club upon a substantial footing; but how to get them together and start the matter is the trouble. Should C. F. F., or any of your correspondents of this city, desire my address, you will please give it to them, as I would be happy to meet and consult upon the subject. Could you not allude to the subject somewhat more fully in your columns, as I think it would have considerable weight with your correspondents.

Yours, very truly, DE PREFONTAINE.

This is the sort of attention, and with the promptness, to our suggestions that pleases us. Now, let every amateur in Philadelphia, desirous of seeing such a club organised in your city as shall be a club, and not a clique, an open-hearted, open-doored organization for the honest purpose of enlarging our noblest of scientific pastimes, and increasing the enjoyment of its votaries, give us their attention. Our plan is thus: within two weeks of the date of this paper, we shall expect to receive the name and address of every person willing to assist in so laudable an undertaking. All those residing near the centre of the city are requested to designate it, and those who could have a few of the first meetings at their residences, or offices, are requested to state that. Then, if there are eight or nine of you, we say, go ahead! Write freely, and don't fear troubling us. Any and every assistance we can, in so desirable a cause, shall be most cheerfully rendered. We shall even hope to make your personal acquaintance at no distant day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OTTILIE, Baltimore, Md.—Your No. 10's intended solution is one of your finest; and, after all, it is not solvable in two moves. But it has a solution very different from yours; such a one as spoils its beauty; visly, as our law tutor would say, White first moves P, then receives two cheeks from the Black R (*his* best,) and then takes R with B, mate. Solution of Enigma No. 21, right; of Problem No. 25, wrong. Black does not make the *best* use of his defensive power, if he move K at 1st move. If you contrive to move the Black P from Q Kt 3d, the White B simply goes to that sq. at the 3d move. Your Problem No. 13 is not original; that is to say, it is a very slight adaptation of the well-known routine termination of the mate with Kt and B, elaborated on pages 406-7 of Staunton's Hand-Book.

DELTA, Boston, Mass.—We have examined your No. 7, and find it solvable in two moves, *e. g.*: B to his 7th. Black can only move P. P to Q Kt 4, mate. G. H. H., and "Cambridge" will forward you their address immediately. We will furnish them with yours.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—We are constrained to believe your three-move solution of No. 27 right. What says Ottilie to the following?

White.	Black.
1..Q to her 6 x	K to Q 5
2..Q-K 5 x	K-Q B 4 *a*
3..Q-K 3, mate.	

a If K x Q, Kt to K B 3, mate.

Enigma No. 20, just so. Have you received a circular from us lately?

U and I, Chicago, Ill.—Happy to have received *our* first letter from you, even though so late. A problem capable of two distinct solutions is faulty. *Bona fide.* Will a letter addressed to your *nom de plume* reach you?

H. S. G. Smith, New York.—We are not surprised at your decision; expecting it thus. This is the whole story:—Mr. Van Osdel left Chicago after the game had progressed some dozen moves, and our predecessor in the Chair of Chess carried on the game to our accession. He it was that so abruptly dropped it. How shall we address you privately?

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—You will already have understood by the above that Mr. Smith decides not to continue the game.

OTTILIE, Baltimore, Md.—Problem No. 13 was immediately mailed on receipt of your last. Solutions correct.

DELTA, Boston, Mass.—No. 8 received. It shall be reported on in due season.

MIDNIGHT, Syracuse, N. Y.—You may, can, must, ought, might, could, would, should, and *shall* be brought in "not guilty"—if you are in future as prompt as your letter leads us to hope. Mr. Fiske sent the circulars: they shall be duplicated. How's "Nellie?"

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Thanks for subscription; can you add a friend or two? For the first time in *this* Chair we feel called upon to offer you, and our contributors generally, an apology. In spite of all the unceasing vigilance we have bestowed upon our department, a fatal error has crept in; nor are we of the number of those who in their egotistical folly promise that the like shall never occur again. All the ingenuity of any single person living would be inadequate to such a promise in matter so complex and difficult as a weekly chess department of our variety and extent. Plainly, then: *White Kt in* "GEM No 1," *should stand on K B 3d, instead of K Kt 3d.* Thus, also, we acquit ourselves of that other folly; attempting to face out an error with an air either of *brusqueris* or Aconitum, and so make capital even, of gross blunders or wilful misrepresentations.

CHECKMATE, Germantown, Pa.—Unless previous to another issue you forward your game—or give a very valid excuse for the delay—we shall, in justice both to ourselves and "Delta," be obliged to drop it.

G. H. H., Boston.—Good! thank you. Your wish shall be respected. You will soon hear from us privately.

GAME BY BEGINNERS.

Lately played by our contributor "Delta," and another gentleman of Boston.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. ——.	Defence, Delta.	Attack, Mr. ——.	Defence, Delta.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q to K 2	Q to her Kt
2..P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	16..P-Q R 3	Kt-Q B 3
3..P x P	Kt x P	17..P-Q Kt 4	Kt-Q 5
4..Q-her 5	P-Q 3	18..Q-her 3	P-Q R 4
5..Q B-K B 4	Q-K B 3	19..Kt-Q 5	Q-her B
6..K Kt-K 2	Q B-K 3	20..P-Q B 3	B-Q Kt 4
7..Q-her Kt 3 x	Y-Q B 3	21..Q-K Kt 3	Kt-Q B 7 x
8..Q x Kt P	Q home	22..K-Q sq	Kt x R
9..B x Kt	P x B	23..Kt-Q Kt 6	Q home x
10..Q x B P x	Q B-Q 2	24..Kt-Q 2	B x B
11..Q-her 5	P-K B 3	25..Kt x R	Kt-Q Kt 6
12..K Kt-Q B 3	Kt-K 2	26..Kt-Q Kt 6	Q x Kt (!!!)
13..Q-her Kt 7	Kt-Q B 3	27..Kt x Kt	Q-her 3 x
14..Q-her R 6	Kt-Q Kt 5	28..Kt-K 2	B-Q Kt 4, &c.

NOTES.

Of course our students cannot expect us to make notes upon particular moves, in such a game as this. Still we are thankful for the contribution, as our students may derive marked advantage from it in two ways; 1st, by comparing attentively its opening with the scientific (as far as this opening admits of science) models we have given them; and, 2d, by carefully playing variations from such moves as their own penetration tells them are weak, or positively bad.

At the 10th move the Attack has essentially a won game. Playing the rest of the game as well, he could give "Delta" heavy odds.

Struck with admiration at the range and power of the Queen, young players are perpetually bringing her out too early in the game, losing her—or, at least, moves. Pawns and minor pieces in general terms should open the campaign; Queens and Rooks, be reserved for great occasions—but it requires considerable experience to appreciate this. In this game we find the propensity well illustrated.

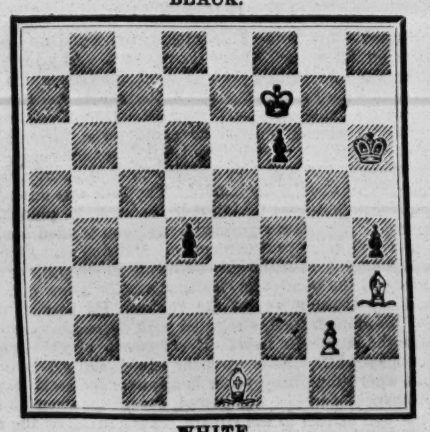
N. B.—We have particularly to request of our contributors when sending games, to play their copy critically over before forwarding it; for if we receive another game with such errors of notation, we shall immediately up fist and—let it alone. *e. g.*

14..Q-her B 6	Kt-Q Kt 5
15..Q-K 2, with no less than five or six something like it.	

Problem No. 29.---By M. T. Pocquette.

CHALLENGE TO "U AND I," OF CHICAGO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 28.

White.	Black.
1..R to Kt 3 dis. ch.	K moves
2..B-Q 7	K takes Kt
3..B gives mate.	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 22.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..B to K R 6	P to K 4	4..Kt to his 6	P to B 7
2..P-K R 5	P-K 5	5..Kt gives mate.	
3..K-Q 5	P x P		

Game No. 28.

A fine battle fought in the Paris Club, between the late lamented Kieseritzky, the great Livonian, and M. Martin St. Leon.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT ACCEPTED.

Attack, M. St. Leon.	Defence, Herr Kieseritzky.	Attack. M. St. Leon.	Defence, Herr Kieseritzky.
1..P to Q 4	P to Q 4	21..P to Q Kt 4 *e*	Q R to B 5 *f*
2..P-Q B 4	P x P	22..Q Kt-K 3	B x Q R P
3..P-K 4	P-K B 4	23..Q R-Q B	B-Q Kt 4 *g*
4..K B x P	K Kt-B 3 *a*	24..Q-her 2	K R-Q B 2
5..P-K 5	K Kt-Q 4	25..R x R	R x R
6..Q-K B 3	P-Q B 3	26..P-K R 3	P x P
7..Q Kt-B 3	P-K 3	27..P x P	R-Q B 2
8..K Kt-K 2	K B-K 2	28..R-Q sq	B x Kt
9..Kt-K B 4	Castles	29..Q x B	R-Q B 6
10..Kt-K R 5	Q Kt-Q 2	30..B-Q Kt 2	R x K R P
11..Q-K Kt 3	K R-B 2	31..K-his Kt 2	R-K Kt 6 x *h*
12..B x Kt *b*	B P x B	32..K-his R 2	R-Kt 5
13..K Kt-B 4	Q Kt-K B	33..Q-her B 2	Q x Q Kt P
14..Castles	Q B-Q 2	34..Q-her B 8 x	Kt interposes
15..P-Q B 4	P-K Kt 4 *c*	35..B-his 3	Q-her Kt 4
16..K Kt-B 5	Q Kt-K Kt 3	36..R-Q 2	Q-K B 8 *i*
17..P-K B 4 *d*	P-K Kt 5	37..B-Q Kt 4	Q-K Kt 8 x *j*
18..P-Q Kt 3	Q R-Q B	38..K-his B 3	Q-K R 8 x
19..Q B-R 3	K B-K R 5	39..R interposes	Q-K B 6 x
20..Q-her 3	Q-her Kt 3	40..Kt interp.	Q x Kt mate.

NOTES.

a It would be bad to take the P, as the Attack would take Kt with B, and then bring out his Q Kt.

b A weak move.

c Well played; especially with the Rook so placed.

d To arrest the onward march of the adverse K B B.

e It had been better to have guarded Q Kt P with R.

f The last move of the Attack enables this R to come into powerful co operation with the other forces.

g Some good positions now arise, and the play on both sides is sound and steady.

h Loss of Q would reward his pains were he now to play Kt x R.

i And wins the game by force.

j Could mate in *two moves* with the Bishop.

Enigma No. 23.---By E. S. Brewster.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq; Q at her 4; B at K B 3d.
BLACK.—K at Q 7; B at Q R 8; Ps at K R 4, Q 6, and Q Kt 7th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

MATCH GAMES

Between New York and Philadelphia.

GAME I.—SICILIAN OPENING.

White—N. Y.	Black—Philad'a.
22..Q R to K sq	P to K 5
23..P takes P	

GAME II.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Philad'a.	Black N. Y.
21..B takes Kt	K takes B
22..P to K B 4	P to K 5

Between E. Hatch and Alonzo.

White—E. Hatch.	Black—Alonzo.
16..K Kt to his 4	P to K R 4
17..K Kt to K 3	P to K 4

Between X. Y. Z., Senior, and West Pointer.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—West Pointer.
4..Kt takes K P	
5..Q to K B 3	P to Q 4

Between Stamma and Midnight.

Black—Stamma.	White—Midnight.
4. Q takes P	
5..K B to Q Kt 5	Q Kt to B 3

Between Checkmate and Delta.

Black—Checkmate.	White—Delta.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..P to K B 4	P takes P

Between De Prefontaine and Lopez.

White—De Prefontaine.	Black—Lopez.
6..P-Q 4	P takes Kt
7..Q takes P	P to Q 3

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ERRATUM.—In last week's issue please read White to move in Diagram game, between Martin and J. P. Sweet. Also Black to move in the game between Martin and Curtis. A black man on 7, in Diagram of Martin and J. P. Sweet. "Things got a little loose" from the fact that Martin's moves were not received till just before going to press—consequently we were unable to revise the proof sheet. Another time we shall be wide awake.

ELYRIA, Oct. 26, 1856.

Mr. Draught Editor of the CLIPPER:—*Dear Sir*,—I wrote you some two months ago concerning a game. Some three or four weeks after I wrote, desiring some reply or answer concerning the game. Some months ago you replied in the CLIPPER, that you would examine and report anon. Now, Sir, I have received no answer to the letter, and I do not know why. I think I have not hurried you at all; but I insist upon an answer in two or three weeks at most. Some of the players here, say the reason you do not reply is, because you do not like to confess that you are in the fault concerning the move in question. I noticed the game published that was played between Mrs. F. and myself, I will send more when the above is disposed of, if there is no objection.

Yours truly, ELIZUR.

Certainly, friend ELIZUR, no objection—but do not wait for the other matter to "turn up," as it is among the "waste paper." Your draught-playing friends are in error regarding our reason for not replying to you sooner. We have always promptly acknowledged any error with frankness, and shall continue to do so.—(ED.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WM. B. C.—Solutions O K. Perhaps so. If Anderson's Work is procurable, it may be obtained by addressing the Author, Mr. Andrew Anderson, Braidwood Carluke, Scotland. Price $1.50 or thereabouts.

G. H. PUTMAN.—We must decline the honor of playing you a match, for reasons already stated in the CLIPPER. Should you wish an opponent—why not select one with whom you are acquainted? Send along your moves, and we will insert them.

E. HULL.—Thanks for your position. It appears this week. Let us hear from you.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 55.—NEW SERIES.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..23 to 27	30 to 23 *a*	4.. 7 to 11	31 to 24 *d*
2..15 18	22 15 *b*	5..20 27	16 7
3..21 25	29 22 *c*	6.. 3	1 and wins.

VARIATIONS.

a

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..	31 24	4..21 25	29 22
2..20 27	30 23	5.. 7	11 and wins.
3..15 18	22 15		

b

2..	31 24	4..21 25	29 22
3..20 27	22 15	5.. 7	11 and wins.

c

3..	31 24	5.. 7	11 and wins.
4..20 27	29 22		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 56.—NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 15	23 to 16	4..15 to 10	6 to 15
2..28 24	32 28	5.. 5 1	13 6
3..30 25	29 22	6.. 1	3 and wins.

Game No. 28.---New Series.

ANDERSON'S SECOND DOUBLE CORNER.

The following game, played between Anderson and Wylie, will no doubt interest our Draught players. It was lately forwarded by our esteemed correspondent, Know Nothing, who was present at their last match at Edinburgh, in February and March, 1847.

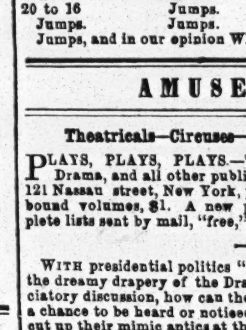
Black, Anderson.	White, Wylie.	Black, Anderson.	White, Wylie.
1..11 to 15	24 to 19	13.. 7 to 10 *d*	15 to 11
2..15 24	28 19 *a*	14.. 8 15	18 11
3.. 8 11	22 18	15.. 9 13	22 18 *e*
4..11 16	26 22	16.. 5 9	11 8 *f*
5..16 20	29 15	17.. 2 7	8 3
6..10 14	18 15	18..13 17	3 8
7.. 4 8	22 18	19..17 22	26 17
8.. 7 11	26 22 *b*	20.. 7 11	8 15
9..11 16	30 26	21..12 16	19 12
10.. 3 7	27 24 *c*	22..10 28	17 10
11..20 27	31 24	23.. 6 29	
12..16 20	32 27	and wins.*	

NOTES BY "OUR FOLKS."

a This is Anderson's Second Double Corner.
b White has no better move at this point.
c 22 to 17, or 32 to 28 loses immediately.
d Quiet.
e Why not make a King at once?
f *Must* now.

* This is the "invincible" of Wylie, a game that might answer against a novice, yet very difficult to draw against a skilful player. There seems to be nothing like an oversight in Wylie's play; but his opening is inferior to Anderson's, who conducted the termination of the game with great skill. Wylie never found an equal before Anderson; but in *him* he found a superior.

POSITION NO. 57.
NEW SERIES.
By B. Hull.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

POSITION NO. 58.
NEW SERIES.
By Simple Sandy.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and win.

MATCH GAME

BETWEEN ALONZO AND SAM TWELVES.

Black—Sam Twelves.		White—Alonzo.	
5.. 5	9	17	13
6..11	16		

MATCH GAME.

"OLD FOURTEENTH."

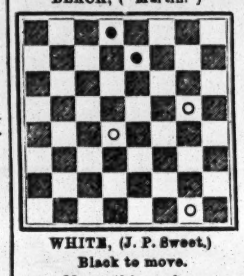
BETWEEN LYSANDER AND KNOW NOTHING.

Black—Lysander.		White—Know Nothing.	
8..11	15	27	24
9..14	18	32	27

MATCH GAME.

Between "Martin," of Boston, and J. P. Sweet, New York.

BLACK, ("Martin.")

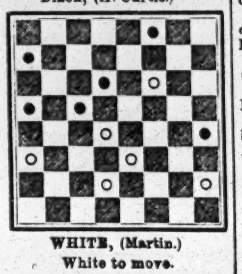


WHITE, (J. P. Sweet.)
Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between "Martin" and H. Curtis.

Black, (H. Curtis.)



WHITE, (Martin.)
White to move.

Moves this week.

White.	Black.
20 to 16	Jumps.
Jumps.	Jumps.

Jumps, and in our opinion White has a forced won game.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circuses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS.—THE STANDARD AND MINOR Drama, and all other published Plays, for sale by S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau street, New York, price 12½ cents each, ten for $1; bound volumes, $1. A new play published every week. Complete lists sent by mail, "free," when requested. 29-3m

WITH presidential politics "knocked higher than a kite," and the dreamy drapery of the Drama draggled in the dust of denunciatory discussion, how can the "still, small voice" of Poetry have a chance to be heard or noticed? While the parasites of politics cut up their mimic antics at the Academy of Music, or spout forth Joseph Surface sentiments at the Astor House, what chance for attention remains left to the poor critic who stands like a watchman upon the walls of a legitimate temple of the Drama? And yet there is no such word as "fail" in the lexicon of her worshipers, for "he that would have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding." He would be sure to join our particular friend, the Fool in "King Lear," who quaintly observes—"Let go thy hold when a great wheel goes down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it."

At Burton's Theatre, Mrs. Bateman's "Self" has been continued, with the merit of provoking much discussion. "Who Do You Vote For?" has made a compromise between poetry and politics. And, generally speaking, the houses have been good, while the attractions may be set down as "from fair to middling." While speaking of the "stage" and a "setting down," we may as well observe that an outbreak of pugilism, far ahead of vulgarity than anything we ever contemplated, has actually occurred in Broadway, where Mr. Burton and Mr. Blake both went into the heavy business about the same time, after a preliminary series of shrugs and expectorations. However, we suppose it is all right, especially as the affair had not been arranged in the Fourth Ward. But why did not our daily friends call it a "prize fight?" As there is said to have been a lady in the case, the idea of a prize (?) might have had some foundation in reason.

At the Bowery, Brother Brougham seems to have now taken a leaf out of our betting book, and it remains to be seen whether he has retraced his steps in time to secure the success he ought to have. "The Red Mask" and "Life in New York" may pass: but let him beware of the "gentility" of five-act doses of blank verse, even if called "All's Fair in Love."

At Wallack's, "The Iron Chest" has no doubt helped the treasury, with Mr. Wallack for Sir Edward Mortimer. His Dazzle, in "London Assurance," might serve as a peg for more than we now have room to say. Bourcicault has left a very Mephistophelean atmosphere behind him, and Mr. Wallack will have to give it a Dick Dashall purification. This is "a four-bottle opinion."

At Laura Keene's new temple of temptations there will be a set of influences set in soon, which will marvelously soberize all the magnificent lessees in Broadway as to what they will do (and may not do) with the many-headed public. Laura will give them "saxyfrax."

At Eddy's box of boxes in Chambers street, the manager seems to understand the advantage of a raking position as well as how to please the public. Cony's dogs are more Shakespearean than many biped performers we might mention—but shall not. The "Gunmaker of Moscow" has confirmed its success, and "The Forest of Bondy" never tires upon the public mind. Besides, Eddy's company is composed of good and harmonious elements.

At the National, Mr. Purdy talks of going to England with Miss Cordelia Howard, on the Barnum principle. We think it is time he went somewhere. "Bless him, let him go!" But let us have better performances, or else put up a sign with "Mangling done here!"

At the Museum, they wake snakes day and evening. Once a year is often enough to look for novelties.

At Niblo's Saloon we may expect to see Thalberg come on and off next Monday. He will no doubt be ably sustained in the vocal department.

At Niblo's Garden the German Opera folks seem to be waiting for the political fever to subside. Signor Guidi's appearance was successful. "The Czar and the Carpenter" comes rather late into the field. Ravels all right.

There is a good deal of diplomacy going on about the Academy of Music since Judge Whiting's party whitewashed it, but we must leave the diplomatists to make their own manifestoes, for every man of them fancies himself capable of being an editor notwithstanding the stupid letters they write. Some Russian name seems to be at top of the heap just now, but "vitch is vitch" we cannot tell, and is no great matter.

Charley White still holds out, with his minstrels in the Bowery, but the attendance is not so large as it once was—perhaps this is owing to the fact that the ushers and other officers in front are careless in their attentions to Mr. White's patrons, preferring to lounge about rather than make themselves useful. Mr. White should remedy this if he expects to receive the patronage of those who admire courtesy and comfort.

Frank Brower, after a successful tour through the country with Mr. Welsh's troupe, is "back agin" to Philadelphia, looking as lively as a four year old. Frank will probably give us Yorkers a taste of his abilities in the "black art," before long.

DRAMATIC AND DESULTORY.

That was a fine affair at the Walnut in Philadelphia when Capt. McLean presented a set of jewelry from the Columbian Rifle Corps to Miss Laura Keene. There is no repressing the promptings of gratitude or the tasteful dictation of true generosity, while the Drama holds her sway in the hearts of the people.

The Keller Troupe commenced at the Walnut last Monday. At the Arch, "King John" continues to reign—after death. At the National Circus and Theatre, L. B. Lent is doing well, and Mrs. Drew draws. Sanford's Opera House is always well filled with beauty and fashion. The City Museum makes successful "Blundera." At the Concert Hall, Bryant & Mallory's Campbells, with the Philadelphia Eph Horn, please their patrons.

Miss J. M. Davenport is at Providence. One of the editors says that he "never wants to see any better acting." Blessed are they who expect but little.

The Parodi-Strakosch Troupe are taking a tour in Canada, but will soon return.

Manager Purdy's withdrawal of "Dred" is a sign of returning health in the pub ic taste. Our faith in that never wavers.

Frank Rea and wife are engaged by Laura Keene.

Lola Montes intends going in as a missionary among the miners in California.

Mrs. Farren will commence a fortnight engagement soon in New Orleans.

Jack Davis and Charley Wells will soon "light up" at Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been blessed with a boy baby in California. Surely this ought to reconcile the North and the South.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Davenport commenced last Monday at Carr's Theatre, in Buffalo.

In Boston, the best simulations and dissimulations have lately been made by the politicians. Feebleness has all at once become quite fashionable. A few months ago, if a man talked about "mental labor" or having "an overtasked brain," he was sure to be laughed at behind his back. Now, they go out to Brookline to help such people in as know how to prate about such things. Among professional performers the week has been rather dull. "Agnes" is at her old quarters in the Museum. Gabriel Ravel has commenced at the Howard. Marstzek had hard work at the Boston. Madame de Wilhorst was decidedly unsuccessful. Mr. Forrest will put the Boston all right. The National progresses under Harry Wallack. N. B.—Since the Boston Traveller condescends to advertise theatres, we can easily imagine that it might advertise a horse race.

Messrs. Corbyn & McLachlin have started a new "organ" for the dramatic and musical institutions in New York.

Mr. W. M. Fleming is on board the Illinois, bound for the California route.

Manager Crisp's new Gaiety company have arrived safely at New Orleans in the ship Marmion from New York.

An operatic equestrian amphitheatre has been proposed in Cincinnati.

Poor Tom Vance died at Nashville, Oct. 18th, and his funeral was a true expression of grief.

W. F. Johnson is starring for Charley Thorne, at Milwaukee.

FOREIGN AND MISCELLANEOUS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

William James Robson, the Crystal Palace defaulter, is the author of "Love and Loyalty," and "The Selfish Man," as well as "Bianca," a five-act play lately in rehearsal at Drury Lane. Let authorship now look up, and borrow some "gentility."

A Russian Prince, who goes in for the guitar, has offered a "trial of skill" at Brussells, with a gold medal for the best player and a silver one for the second.

Bill Harrey, the well-known pantomimist, jumped into the sea from the steamer Helen McGregor, going from Hamburgh to Hull.

Hiawatha has met with a burlesque which blazes out the original.

Madame Cerito has had her stage dress illuminated among the other illuminations in Moscow. The firemen were on hand. The lady saved. Curtain falls.

Verdi is getting up a new opera in Venice, and the price is 60,000 francs.

John Wilkins, author of "Civilization," has just produced "The Frost of Youth" at the City of London Theatre.

Lord Palmerston has given Gilbert a Beckett's widow a civil-list pension of £100, and a similar amount for the unfortunate Angus B. Reach who is now insane.

None of our correspondents make any mention of the British people being in any way grieved about the absence of Bourcicault.

The high-falutin correspondence of Chaplain John McHugh to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, condemnatory of such operas as "La Traviata," has brought to light the fact that Roman Catholic clergymen can witness such performances and be none the worse for it.

The Opera Season was to open at Drury Lane, Oct. 27th. Charlotte Cushman was actually playing at Glasgow. Manager Phelps is playing "Timon of Athens." Joanna Wagner will not stay married. Madame Bishop is very popular at Melbourne, Australia.

SPORTS IN OLD BERKS.—DEAR FRANK,—Old Berks has been the theatre of great exploits recently.

The turf has been well patronized during the past week, and even pedestrianism had its devotees. A race took place between Dewees' grey horse and a horse of some celebrity known by the cognomen "Woodpecker." 600 hundred yards was the distance run, and the race was easily won by the grey—stakes, $100 a side. The same horses were matched again, and run on the 30th ult., (distance one mile), the stakes, $200 a side. This race was well contested—the grey took the lead, and kept it up to 1400 yards; at this point it was evident that his steps were faltering, whilst "Woodpecker" seemed to run faster than at the start. It was evident that the superior bottom of Woodpecker would enable him to win, which he did, by at least five lengths. The grey runs well for half a mile, and that is his forte. All parties were satisfied with the result. That renowned Jockey, Dan Hayte, rode the grey, and to his credit be it said gave his friends the most complete satisfaction, even though defeated.

A foot race between "Barefoot" and "Stockings," for a purse of $50, distance 100 yards, took place immediately subsequent to the horse race. This race, from its novelty, created considerably fun. "Stockings," (although of some celebrity) had to succumb, being distanced about two yards.

On Saturday, Nov. 1, another horse race came off; the Grey in the field again, against an unknown horse; distance eight hundred yards; stakes, $100. The Grey was at home in this race, winning by about three lengths. It was a good race, and all parties were satisfied that no chiseling had been resorted to. So much for

Reading, Pa., Nov. 3. OLD BERKS.

SPORT IN NEW ORLEANS.—HOOK AND LADDER RACE.—The recent race between the American and Pelican Hook and Ladder Companies, in which the American's horse, Cuthbert, outstripped the Pelican's horse, Pete, was not considered decisive by the Pelican boys. The consequence was that they challenged the American boys for another race; the challenge was accepted, and Cuthbert and Pete put in trim for another encounter. The race was arranged on sporting principles; the companies betting fifty dollars a side, and electing umpires. The race track agreed upon was Magazine street, from Canal street to Washington avenue, a distance of two and a half miles, and the time twelve o'clock Saturday night—weights to be made even. Accordingly, on Saturday night, after the Fillmore Rangers had dispersed, and the moon looked down on the quiet and deserted streets, the two companies met in Canal street, eager for the fray. The greatest excitement prevailed; the Americans being sure that what Cuthbert had done once he could do again, and the Pelicans being just as sure that Pete would serve Cuthbert as Lexington did Lecomte. The American truck weighed 2,607 pounds, and the rider 140. The Pelican truck was lighter, and the rider heavier, but the weight was made to tally with that of the American, by piling on some extra articles. Precisely at twelve o'clock, everything being readiness, the word was given and away they thundered. Cuthbert took the lead at the jump, and kept it to Poydras street. Pete having by degrees got his ambition aroused, came up with his rival and all the way to Race street it was a neck and neck contest of the most exciting character. At that point P[ete] got still more excited; he took the lead, continued to [in front], opened a gap, and arrived at Washington avenue by a full square ahead of Cuthbert, the time of the being about eight minutes. This was certainly good [time] for a run of two miles and a half, each horse with [a load] of 2,750 pounds, and illustrates the extraordinary [speed] power of those noble animals. The race, as [might] course, was intensely exciting to all who [saw it], and astonished the sleepers of Magazine street [with the] tle. Both horses were "as fine as silk" yesterday and apparently ready for another test when the enthusiastic backers might order it.—[New Orleans Crescent, Oct. 20.

THE CREOLE WIFE, is the title of a novel issued from the press of T. Brady, No. 12 Ann [street].

CRICKET.

PANOLA VS. WASHINGTON.—On Saturday, 1st inst., on the grounds of the Young America Club, near Philadelphia, a lively Cricket Match came off between the Panola and Washington Clubs, which resulted in favor of the former, with eight wickets to spare. Great praise is due to the young members of the winning club, as it will be remembered that in a match in June last, with the same opponents, they met withith a severe defeat. Their Saturday's triumph was owing entirely to persevering and energetic practice in the field. The scores below were made against excellent bowling, though, as the result shows, that of the Panola was the more effective, a young bowler named Linnard doing very good service. The maiden overs were quite numerous. Schrack and Flynn, of the Washington, and Phillips, of the Panola, made the highest scores—some of the runs having been gained in a very creditable manner. Score:

PANOLA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Feltwell b Bebee	6	c Knox b Bebee	0
2. Phillips b Flynn	8	not out	12
3. Waterman b Flynn	7	b Bebee	4
4. Vernon b S. Gartley	1		
5. North c Bebee b Flynn	1		
6. Linnard b Bebee	5	not out	1
7. Wilson b S. Gartley	2		
8. Green c J Gartley b Flynn	2		
9. Foster c Knox b Flynn	0		
10. Adams not out	1		
11. Hoyt b Bebee	0		
Wides 2, byes 3	5		
Leg byes 2, no ball 1	3	Bye	1
Total	41	Total	18

WASHINGTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Schrack not out	13	c Feltwell b Vernon	1
2. Flynn run out	1	run out	16
3. Shoemaker b Linnard	1	b Vernon	0
4. Bebee b Vernon	1	b Phillips	1
5. Fryer b Phillips	3	run out	0
6. Plumley b Linnard	1	b Linnard	1
7. Knox c Linnard b Phillips	1	b Vernon	6
8. McIntyre b Linnard	3	c Linnard b Phillips	0
9. S. Gartley c Linnard b Phillips	0	b Vernon	1
10. J. Gartley c Feltwell b Vernon	0	not out	3
11. Barnes b Vernon	1	b Vernon	0
Wide 1, byes 2	3	Bye	1
Total	28	Total	30

THE MATCH BETWEEN THE KEYSTONE AND YOUNG AMERICA CLUBS, PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Clipper,—Dear Sir:*—It is but doing justice to the Keystone Club to state, that when they accepted the challenge of the Young America Club, they did not think their eleven would have some of the best players of the Germantown Club on it. They thought it would embrace their own regular players, and no others. As it was, they had Newhall, Bernardo, F. Wister, and Mehl, of the Germantown's First Eleven. The Keystone Club ought to have objected to the above named players, as any other club would have done. The Keystone lack in bowling, as the *stand* which Newhall and Bernardo made will testify. Although they had three substitutes upon their eleven, their fielding was excellent; and especially Creely's (cover point), which was much admired. The bowling of H. and G. Newhall, of the Young America, and that of Newlin and Hart, of the Keystone, was very good. I am not a member of the Keystone Club, but deem it but justice in stating the above. A LOOKER-ON.

Philadelphia, Nov. 3, 1856.

BALL PLAY.

HAND BALL.—HOLLIDAYSBURG, Oct. 30, 1856.—MR. F. QUEEN.—A match game of Hand Ball came off in Gaysport Ball Alley, on the 28th inst., between the following ball players: J. A. Lemon and C. Metsy against J. Q. Young and A. Patterson, the two former winning easily, making 21 aces to the latter's 9 aces. There was no betting allowed, as the game was merely to test who was the best players. C. Metsy can be matched against any man in Blair County, single handed, for $50 or $100, to play in Gaysport Ball Alley. Any answer through the CLIPPER will be attended to. GAYSPORT.

BALTIC VS. NEWARK.—The return match between the Newark Club, Sen., and Baltic Club, was played on the grounds of the latter, at the Red House, Harlem, on Wednesday, the 29th ult., and resulted in favor of the Baltic, as will be seen by the following score:

NEWARK. Players.	Runs.	BALTIC. Players.	Runs.
Wambold	1	Haight	3
Spear	1	Foster	3
Martin	1	Cooper	1
Dodd	0	Brown	3
Heinisch	1	Van Horn	3
Ward	2	Sears	1
Clinton	1	Fisher	2
Trawin	2	Holden	2
Mikles	2	Johnson	3
Total	11	Total	29

Umpire of the Newark Club, Mr. J. N. Tuttle.
" " Baltic Club, Dr. Cooper.
Referee, Mr. Wm. Burns, of the Gotham Club.

UNION VS. COLUMBIA.—The Union and Columbia Clubs, of Hoboken, played their return match, on the ground of the latter club, on the 28th ult., which resulted as follows:

UNION. Players.	Runs.	COLUMBIA. Players.	Runs.
Ward	2	Smith	5
Paterson	2	Spear	3
Benson	2	Khivlin	3
Cohen	1	Applegate	2
Benson	3	Duly	3
Dewey	3	Malphas	3
Vanderwater	3	G. Smith	1
Acker	2	Hammel	3
		Donovan	3
Total	18	Total	26

Umpire for the Union Club, Mr. J. Dewey.
" " Columbia Club, Mr. C. T. Malphas.
Referee, Mr. W. Ward.

GOTHAM VS. EAGLE.—On the 31st ult., the return match between the Gotham and Eagle Clubs was played at the Red House grounds. The following is the score:

GOTHAM. Players.	Runs.	EAGLE. Players.	Runs.
Sheridan	3	Bixby	0
Vail	1	Place	0
T. G. Van Cott	3	Van Brunt	1
Winslow	4	Vanderbilt	2
McCosker	4	Armfield	0
Teed	2	Hutton	0
Cudlipp	2	Gilman	0
Burns	2	Gelston	1
Commerford	2	Williams	0
Total	23	Total	4

Umpire for the Eagle Club, Mr. J. W. Mott.
" " Gotham Club, Mr. G. Van Cott.
Referee, Mr. Miller, of the Empire Club.

BASE BALL.—A match came off on Saturday, 1st inst., between the National, Jr., and Continental, Jr., of East Brooklyn. The result is as follows:

NATIONAL, JR. Players.	Runs	CONTINENTAL, JR. Players.	Runs.
Herbert	12	Syme	1
Brown	2	Bowers	4
Lapevoise	7	Smith	0
[illegible]	9	Browne	1
[illegible]ane	7	Atkins	3
Total	37	Total	9

Referee, Jacob A. Pearsall, Esq.

THE RING.

A GOOD PROSPECT.—James Moren, of Buffalo, N. Y., seems desirous of entering into a $50 agreement to fight Bill Dunn. Another gentleman, Pat Cusack, seems to share Moren's attentions. James seems to be in earnest, and wants to have the tin put up as soon as possible. Communications to be sent to the CLIPPER, accompanied by some dough for earnest money.

TENBROECK AND MURRAY.—These two worthies had their meeting a little ahead of the time expected by those not in the secret. Sunday, Oct. 26th, was the day, in the neighborhood of Troy, N. Y. A very select party attended. F. Montague seemed somewhat friendly on Tenbroeck's side, and P. Daley on Murray's. 23 rounds in 45 minutes settled the "pint" in Tenbroeck's favor. All well, when last heard from.

MIKE MCCUE COME FORTH.—Patrick Higgins, of Sing Sing, seems desirous of testing the abilities of Mike McCue, in a physical point of view, and for this purpose will meet him according to the regular rules of the Prize Ring, for $1 or $50; the fight to take place in three weeks from the time of the first deposit. Man and money ready at the Red Fort House, of Wm. S. Reynolds.

SPARRING ENTERTAINMENT.—The pupils of Matt Rusk respectfully announce a complimentary benefit to be held at Franklin Hall, Sixth street, below Arch, on Monday evening next, 10th inst., when they will make their first appearance in the Fistic Arena. A number of the Fancy have in the kindest manner volunteered their services. Mr. Rusk will be pleased to put on the gloves in a friendly manner with any gentleman. Doors open at 6½ o'clock, sparring to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the door.

Philadelphia, Nov. 3, 1856.

AQUATICS.

YALE COLLEGE REGATTA.—New Haven, Nov. 1.—*Friend Clipper:* Thinking that it would not come amiss, I send you a short account of a Regatta which came off in our waters, between the boats of Yale College, on the 25th of October, for a prize of a splendid silver-mounted boat lantern.

The boats entered were Transit, 6-oars, Scientific department; Nautilus, 6-oars, Senior class; Nereid, 6-oars, and Wa-wa, 8-oars, Junior class. Distance to be run, one and a half miles down the harbor, around a buoy and back, making three miles in all. The morning was one of the most pleasant that could be desired, and at 11 A.M. every thing being in readiness, the start was given; the Wa-wa drew the inside position, Nereid next, Transit third, and the Nautilus the outside. The start was beautiful, and the race closely contested as far as the buoy, when the Wa-wa broke a rowlock, and fell behind—the Nereid rounded first, the Transit following close to her, and the Nautilus third. The race now became very exciting between the Nereid and Transit, the latter having hauled up to the Nereid; one of the Nereid's men becoming winded, the Transit left her and came in a good distance ahead. Time—Transit, 21 min. 12 sec.; Nereid, 22 min. 4 sec.; Nautilus, 22 min. 55 sec.; Wa-wa, 26 min. 30 sec.

The Transit rowed without a coxswain; crew—Wm. D. Lyon, D. B. Martin, George Bulkley, William Abernethy, D. M. Russell, Ed. Curtis; Nereid, T. A. Perkins, coxwain, W. P. Bacon, A. L. Clark, G. E. Dunham, W. A. Magill, E. F. Blake, W. D. Morgan; Nautilus, G. Tucker, coxwain, W. T. Beldon, J. O. Green, S. O. Seymour, H. Foules, A. Hand, J. Griswold; Wa-wa, J. Gerrard, cox., R. M. Galloway, R. S. Sims, C. Pumpelly, G. B. McLellan, F. Hewett, H. Royer, B. D. Sleight, W. S. Pitkin.

Judges—Messrs. Harriott, Packard and Rockwell.

The prize was presented to the Transit by A. W. Harriott, Commodore of the Yale Navy, with an appropriate address, and was received by D. M. Russell, of the Chemical department.

The race being over, the crowd retired apparently well pleased with the morning's sport. The students, after putting up their boats, adjourned to the Transit club rooms, and, report says, they had a good time generally.

Yours, A.

CALLENGE.—*Mr. Queen:* If your correspondent of last week, Bill Barnacle, would like to back his assertions in regard to the Gipsy with $100, he can be accommodated—or with a picked crew for $500, by addressing W. K. P., Box 1066, Philadelphia P. O.

Philadelphia, Nov. 3, 1856.

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29.—Match, $1,000. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. Woodruff, sp. g. Spot, to wagon ..... Rec'd for.
J. Whelpley, b. g. Brattleborough, in harness. pd. for.

October.—Match, $1,000. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Whelan, b. m. Iola, to wagon and driver to weigh 300 lbs 1 1 2 2 1
H. Woodruff, ch. m. Ellen, in harness .. 2 2 1 1 2
Time—2:36¼; 2:36¼; 2:36½; 2:38; 2:39.

Match, $300. Mile heats, in harness.

H. Woodruff, s. gelding 1 1
D. Piffer, blk. gelding 2 2
Time—3:02; 2:58.

Match, $1,000. Two mile heats, in harness.

W. Whelan, b. m. Iola 1 1
D. Piffer, b. g. John Wands 2 2
Time—5:09¼; 5:17¼.

Match, $500. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Hawley in harness, Jack Potter to 400 lbs., wagon and driver.

J. Whelpley, g. g. Hawley 1 1 1
D. Walton, b. g. Jack Potter 2 2 2
Time—2:45; 2:41; 2:42.

Match, $1,000. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagon.

H. Woodruff, s. s. Hiram Woodruff .... 1 2 2 1 dr.
Mr. Strong, b. g. Joe ..... 1 2 1 2 dr.
Time—2:53¼; 2:51¼; 2:47; 2:53.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—TUESDAY, Oct. 28.—Match, $2,000. Three mile heats, in harness.

S. Burr's b. m. Lady Woodruff 1
H. Woodruff's b. m. Lady Suffolk ..... dist.
Time—8:23.

SAME DAY.—Match, $500. Mile heats, in harness.

C. Carl's gelding 1 1
J. Vail's b. mare 2 2
Time—3:09½; 2:59.

SAME DAY.—Match, $500. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

G. Samis's b. m. Sally Miller 1 1 1
C. Carl's g. m. Lady Sontag 2 2 2
Time—2:45; 2:40; 2:44.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29.—Match, $500. Mile heats, to wagons.

Owner b. g. Mose 1 1
Owner blk. g. Milkman 2 2
Time—3:01¼; 3:02¼.

Match, $500. Mile heats, to wagons.

Owner g. g. Grey Jim ..... Received forfeit.
H. Woodruff, black stallion ..... Paid forfeit.

Match, $500. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Mr. Doty's b. s. Black Morgan 1 1 1
Mr. Strong's s. s. Sir Walter 2 2 2
Time—2:55; 2:52¼; 2:49.

DOUBLE TEAM RACE.—There was a pretty large attendance on the Union Course, L. I., on Monday last, on the occasion of a double team trotting match for $2000, between Don and Lantern *vs.* Belle of Saratoga and John Irwin. The latter were the favorites previous to the start, at 100 to 60, and considerable money was wagered at these odds. The former team won the match quite handily in three straight heats, much to the disappointment and chagrin of the backers of the latter who had laid heavily on their favorites. The black team behaved badly, while Jones' team moved along very prettily. The following is a summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Trotting.—Double team match for $2000, Monday, Nov. 3. Mile heats, best 3 in 5:

H. Jones, b. g. Don and s. g. Lantern 1 1 1
C. Ransom, bl. m. Belle of Saratoga and bl. g. John Irwin 2 2 2

Time.	1st Heat.	2d Heat.	3d Heat.
Quarter	42	41	42
Half-mile	1:23	1:22	1:23¼
Mile	2:44¼	2:41¼	2:42¾

PEDESTRIANISM.

CHALLENGE TO THE SHOOTING STAR.—Hearing that Wm. Hendley is not satisfied with his late race with me, that took place over the Lynn Trotting Park on the 27th ult., I will give him another chance, and will run him the same race for from $100 to $150 a side. If Hendley does not accept of this, I will run John Stetson, George Brown, or any other that wishes to take it up, in Boston or Cambridge; the race to come off about the last of the month, over the Lynn Trotting Park. A match can be made by calling at the Mechanic's Saloon, Oxford street, Lynn. P. BUCKLEY, the *Lynn Buck.*

Nov. 1st, 1856.

CHALLENGE.—Having been at the last foot race that took place over the Lynn Trotting Park, between Wm. Hendley and P. Buckley, and having understood that Simon Burney would run me a foot race, I will now run Burney from 3 to 5 miles, for $25 or $50 a side. Man and money ready at the Mechanics' Saloon, Oxford street, Lynn. WM. DOWNEY. Lynn, Oct. 1, 1856.

PEDESTRIAN CHALLENGE.—Boston, Nov. 3d, 1856.—I will run John Fox, of Morton Place, 2, 3, or 5 miles, for from $25 to $100 a side. As he has been talking so much about his running, I hope he will accept this or "shut down." Yours, J. A. SCOTT.

CANINE.

SPORTING MUSEUM, 114 Madison street, (late Johnny Robinson's) is now conducted by Harry Jennings, from London, acknowledged to be the best rat destroyer in the world—he will be glad to see all lovers of sport at his house, where can be seen game of every description. Rat killing every Wednesday evening. H. J.'s musk cat kills rats against time. Also, he has a fine collection of ferrets, which will perform wonders. H. J. will show his new imported brace of bull dogs, the handsomest and the smallest in the United States. He also challenges the country with his slut Gipsy, to fight, to kill 50 rats, and draw the badger or raccoon, against any 14 lbs. dog or slut, for $100 a side, to be heard of as above. H. J. invites all bird fanciers to give him a call, as he has a fine collection of songsters of every description.

Sparring Exhibition every Saturday evening, conducted by Jack Adams and Jennings. Rats destroyed in any part of the United States. A good supply of rats on hand. Pit gratis.

ALBANY, Nov. 1st, 1856.—*Mr. Editor:* I saw a challenge in your last CLIPPER, from Mr. Jno. Aston. I will fight my dog Jack, 28 lbs. against Mr. Aston's dog Dick, for $500. Also my dog Crib, 32 lbs., give or take, lb. against his dog Jack, for $500. I will fight another dog Jack, which I have, 25 lbs., for $500, against any other dog of the same weight. The fights to come off either in New York or Buffalo, according to the New York rules. The first deposit of $100 a side, to be sent to Mr. Queen, who will also be the final stakeholder, if Mr. Aston agrees. I have a slut 25 lbs. weight, which I will fight for $500. The fight to come off one month after the first deposit. Any answer to this will be thankfully received at Jno. Smith's, 25 Canal street, Albany.

I will fight the two first matches—the first match in four weeks after the first deposit—two weeks after the first match, I will fight the second.

THREE CHANCES OPEN.—Henry Wright, of New York, has a 24-lb. dog and a 24-lb. slut, with a 25-lb. slut, which he will fight at even weights, for not less than from $300 to $500 a side, at any place within a hundred miles of New York. Communications addressed to the N. Y. CLIPPER Office, with $25 for first deposit, will be attended to.

ALWAYS READY.—Seeing that George Humphreys, of Buffalo, wanted to fight his dog Tinker against the Montreal dog Boney, he can be accommodated by calling in Toronto, as the owner of the dog is there, where all necessary arrangements can be made.

SPEED ON RAILROADS.—The Philadelphia Ledger cites the exhibition in France of a locomotive weighing sixty tons, with ten feet driving wheels, and stated to be capable of attaining a speed of 150 miles per hour. Its centre of gravity is placed so low as to render it safer than ordinary engines at the usual speed, so far as getting off the track is concerned. It is doubted whether the speed named can be reached without much larger driving wheels, but there is no doubt of the practicability of achieving it with larger ones; or that, by elevating the track so as to allow of a very low centre of gravity, together with widening the space between the rails and avoiding common roads by bridges and tunnels, railroad trains can move with ease and safety 150 miles per hour.

PRIZES AT HARVARD COLLEGE—Provision has been made the present year for awarding to the two pupils at Cambridge, whom the Corporation shall judge to have acquired the greatest skill in Mathematics, at the Commencement in 1857, a first prize of *three hundred dollars*, and a second prize of *two hundred dollars*. These are styled the "Boyden prizes," and are, by far, the most generous of any that have ever been offered, so far as we know, at any of our American Colleges. The competition is open to pupils in all departments of the University. Competitors will offer themselves for examination on or before June 15, 1857.—[Boston Advertiser.

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Use freely, and all freckles vanish.
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Use freely, and your skin will glisten
E'en as the Parian marble shines
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"If it Ain't Right, I'll Make it All Right in the Morning!"

[From a new work called "The Humors of Falconbridge," soon to be issued by T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, we are indebted for the following laughable sketches.]

A keen, genteely dressed, gentlemanly man "put up" at Beltzhoover's Hotel, in Baltimore, one day some years ago, and after dining very sumptuously every day, drinking his Otard, Margieux and Heidsic, and smoking his "Tras," "Byrons," and "Cassadoras," until the landlord began to surmise the "bill" getting voluminous, he made the clerk foot it up and present it to our modern Don Cæsar De Bazan, who, casting his eye over the long lines of perpendicularly arranged figures, discovered that—which in no wise alarmed him, however—he was in for a matter of a cool C!

"Ah! yes, I see; *well*, I presume it's all right, all correct, sir, no doubt about it," says Don Cæsar.

"No doubt at all, sir," says the polite clerk,—"we seldom present a bill, sir, until the gentlemen are about to leave, sir; but when the bills are unusually large, sir—"

"Large, sir? Large, my dear fellow"—says the Don—"bless your soul, you don't call *that* large? Why, sir, a—a—that is, when I was in Washington, at Gadsby's, sir, bless you, I frequently had my friends of the Senate and the Ministers to dine at my rooms, and what do you suppose my bills averaged a week, there, sir?"

"I can't possibly say, sir—must have counted up very *heavy*, sir, I think," responds the clerk.

"Heavy! ha! ha! you may well say they were *heavy*, my dear fellow—*five and eight hundred dollars a week!*" says the Don, with a nonchalance that would win the admiration of a flash prince of the realm.

"O, no doubt of it, sir; it is very expensive to keep company, and entertain the government officers, at Washington, sir," the clerk replies.

"You're right, my dear fellow; you're right. But let me see," and here the Don stuck a little glass in the corner of his eye, and glanced at the bill; "ah, yes, I see, $102.51—a—a—something—all right, I presume; if it ain't right, *we'll make it all right in the morning.*"

"Very good, sir; that will answer, sir," says the clerk, about to bow himself out of the room.

"One moment, if you please, my dear fellow; that Marteux of yours is really superb. A friend dined here yesterday with me—he is a—a gentleman who imports a—a great deal of wine; he a—a—pronounce your Schreider an elegant article. I shall entertain some friends tonight, here, and do you see that we have sufficient of that 'Marteux' and 'Schreider' cooling for us; my friends are judges of a pure article, and a—a I wish them to have a—a good opinion of your house. Understand?"

"Ah, yes, sir; that'll be all right," says the clerk.

"Of course; if it ain't, I'll make it all right in the morning!" says the Don Cæsar, as the official vanished.

"Well, Charles, did you present that gentleman's bill?" asks the host of the clerk, as they met at "the office."

"Yes, sir; he says it's all right, or he'll make it all right in the morning, sir," replies the clerk.

"Very well," says the anxious host; "*see that he does it.*"

That evening a Captain Jones called on Don Cæsar—a servant carried up the card—Captain Jones was requested to walk up. Lieutenant Smith, U. S. N., next called—"walk up." Dr. Brown called—"walk up." Col. Green, his card—"walk up;" and so on, until some six or eight distinguished persons were walked up to Don Cæsar's private parlor; and pretty soon the silver necks were brought up, corks were popping, glasses were clinking, jests and laughter rose above the wine and cigars, and Don Cæsar was putting his friends through in the most approved style!

Time flew, as it always does. Capt. Jones gave the party a bit of a salt-water song, Dr. Brown pitched in a sentiment, while Colonel Green and Lieutenant Smith talked largely of the "last session," what *their* friend Benton said to Webster, and Webster to Benton, and what Bill Allen said to 'em both. And Miss Corsica, the French Minister's daughter, what she had privately intimated to Lieutenant Smith in regard to American ladies, and what the Hon. so and so offered to do and say for Colonel Green, and so and so and so and so. Still the corks "popped," and the glasses jingled, and the merry jest, and the laugh jocund, and the rich sentiment, and richer fumes of the cigars filled the room.

Don Cæsar kept on hurrying up the wine, and as each bottle was uncorked, he assured the servants—"All right; if it ain't all right, *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

And so Don Cæsar and his *bon vivant* friends went it, until some two dozen bottles of Schreider, Hock, and Sherry had decanted, and the whole entire party were getting as merry as grigs, and so noisy and rip-roarious, that the clerk of the institution came up, and standing outside of the door, sent a servant to Don Cæsar, to politely request that gentleman to step out into the hall one moment.

"What's that?" says the Don; "speak loud, I've got a buzzing in my ears, and can't hear whispers."

"Mr. Tompkins, sir, the clerk of the house, sir," replies the servant, in a sharp key.

"Well, what the deuce of Tompkins—hic—what does he—hic—does he want? Tell—hic—tell him it's—hic—all right, or we'll make it all right—hic—*in the morning.*"

Mr. Tompkins then took the liberty of stepping inside, and slipping up to Don Cæsar, assured him that himself and friends were *a little too merry*, but Don Cæsar assured Tompkins—

"It's all—hic—right, mi boy, all—hic—right; these gentlemen—hic—are all *gentlemen*, my—hic—personal friends—hic—and it's all right—hic—all perfectly—hic—right, or we'll make it all right in the morning."

"That we do not question, sir," says the clerk, "but there are many persons in the adjoining rooms whom you'll disturb, sir; I speak for the credit of the house."

"O—hic—certainly, certainly, mi boy; I'll—hic—I'll speak to the gentlemen," says the Don, rising in his chair, and assuming a very solemn graveness, peculiar to men in the fifth stage of libation deep; "Gentlem—hic—*gentle*-men, I'm requested to state—hic—that—hic a very *serious* piece of intelligence—hic—has met my ear. This *gentle*-man—hic—says somebody's dead in the next—hic—room."

"Not at all, sir; I did not say that, sir," says the clerk.

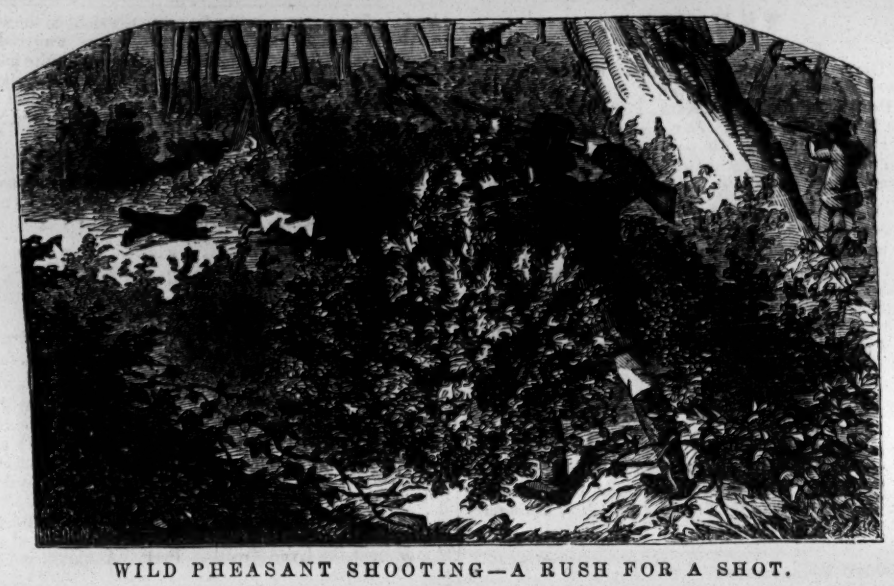
"Beg—hic—your pardon, sir—hic—it's all right; if it ain't all right, I'll make it—hic—*all right in the morning!* Gentlemen, let's—hic—us all adjourn; let's change the see—hic—ne, call a coach—hic—somebody, let's take a ride—hic—and return and go to—hic—our pious—hic—rest."

Having delivered this order and exhortation, Don Cæsar arose on his pins, and marshalling his party, after a general sway of hats all around, in which trade big heads got smaller hats, and small heads got largest hats, by aid of the staircase and the servants, they all got to the street, and lumbering into a large hack, they started off on a midnght airing, noisy and rip-roarious as so many sailors on a land cruise. The last words uttered by Don Cæsar, there, as the coach drove off, were:

"All right—hic—mi boy, if it ain't, *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

"Yes, that we will," says the landlord, "and if I don't stick you into a bill of costs '*in the morning*,' rot me. You'll have a nice time," he continued, "out carousing till daylight; lucky I've got his wallet in the firepoof, the jackass would be robbed before he got back, *and I'd loss my bill!*"

Don Cæsar did not return to make good his promise *in the morning*, and so the landlord took the liberty of investigating the wallet, deposited for safe keeping in the fireproof of the office, by the Don; and lo! and behold! it contained old checks, unreceipted bills, and a few samples of Brandon bank notes, with this emphatic remark: "All right, if it ain't all right, WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!"



WILD PHEASANT SHOOTING—A RUSH FOR A SHOT.

THE PIGEON EXPRESS MAN.

In nearly all yarns or plays in which Yankees figure, they are supposed to be "a leetle teu darn'd ceute" for almost anybody else, creating a heap of fun, and coming out clean ahead; but that even Connecticut Yankees—the cutest and all firedest *tight* critters on the face of the *yearth*, when money or trade's in the question—are "*done*" now and then, upon the most scientific principles, we are going to prove.

It is generally known, in the newspaper world, that two or three Eastern men, a few years ago, started a paper in Philadelphia, upon the penny principle, and have since been rewarded as they deserved. They were, and are, men of great enterpise and liberality, as far as their business is concerned, and thereby they got ahead of all competition, and made their *pile*. The proprietors were always "fly" for any new dodge, by which they could keep the lead of things, and monopolize the *news* market. The Telegraph had not "turned up" in the day of which we write—the *mails*, and, now and then, express horse lines, were the media through which *Great Excitements! Alarming Events!! Great Fires and Awful Calamities!!!* were come at. One morning, as one of these gentlemen was sitting in his office, a long, lank genius, with a visage as hatchet-faced and keen as any Connecticut Yankee's on record, came in, and inquired of one of the clerks for the proprietors of that institution. Being pointed out, the thin man made a *lean* towards him. After getting close up, and twisting and screwing around his head to see that nobody was listening or looking, the lean man sat down very gingerly upon the extreme verge of a chair, and leaning forward until his razor-made nose almost touched that of the publisher, in a low, nasal, anxious tone, says he,

"Air yeou one of the publishers of this paper?"

"I am, sir."

"Oh, yeou, sir!" said the visitor, again looking suspiciously around and about him.

"Did you ever hear tell of the *Pigeon Express?*" he continued.

"The Pigeon Express?" echoed the publisher.

"Ya-a-s. Carrier pigeons—letters to their l-e-g-s and newspapers under their wings—trained to fly anywhere you warnt 'em."

"Carrier Pigeons," mused the publisher—"Carrier—pigeons trained to carry billets—bulletins and—"

"Go frum fifty to a hundred miles an hour!" chimed in the stranger.

"True, so they say, very true," continued the publisher, musingly.

"Elegant things for gettin' or sendin' noos head of everybody else."

"Precisely: that's a fact, that's a fact," the other responded, rising from his chair and pacing the floor, as though rather and decidedly *taken* by the novelty and feasibility of the operation.

"You'd have 'em all, Mister, dead as mutton, by a Pigeon Express."

"I like the idea; good, first-rate?"

"Can't be beat, noheow!" said the stranger.

"But what would it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars, and a small wagon, to begin on."

"A small wagon?"

"Ya-a-s. Yeou see, Mister, the birds haff to be trained to fly from one *pint* to another!"

"Yes; well?"

"Wa-a-ll, yeou see the birds are put in a box, on the bildin', for a spell, teu git the *hang* of things, and so on!"

"Yes, very well; go on."

"Then the birds are put in a cage, the trainer takes 'em into his wagon—ten miles at first—throws 'em up, and the birds go to the bildin'. Next day fifteen miles, and so forth; yeou see?"

"Perfectly; I understand; now, where can these birds be had?"

Putting his thin lips close to the publisher's opening ears, in a low, long way, says the stranger—

"*I've got 'em!* P-a-i-e Persian birds—be-e-utis!"

"You understand training them?" says the anxious publisher.

"*Like a book,*" the stranger responded.

"Where are the birds?" the publisher inquired.

"I've got 'em down to the tavern, where I'm stoppin'."

"Bring them up; let me see them; let me see them!"

"Certainly, Mister, of course," responded the Pigeon Express man, leaving the presence of the tickled-to-death publisher, who paced his office as full of effervescence as a jimmyjohn of spruce beer in dog days.

About this time pigeons were being trained, and in a few cases, now and then, really did carry messages for lottery ticket venders in Jersey City, to Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore; but these exploits rarely paid first cost, and did not amount to much, although some noise was made about the wonderful performance of certain Carrier Pigeons. But the *paper* was to have a new impulse—astonish all creation and the rest of mankind, by Pigeon Express. The publisher's partner was in New York, fishing for novelties, and he determined to astonish him, on his return home, by the *bird business!* A coop was fixed on the top of the "bildin'," as the great inventor of the express had suggested. The wagon was bought, and, with two hundred dollars in for funds, passed over to the pigeon express man, who, in the course of a few days, takes the birds into his wagon, to take them out some few miles, throw them up, and the publisher and a confidential friend were to be on top of the "bildin'," looking out for them.

They kept looking!—they saw something werry like a whale, but a good deal like a first-rate bad "*Sell!*" The lapse of a few days was quite sufficient to convince the publisher that he had been taken in and done for—regularly *picked up* and done for,—upon the most approved and scientific principles. Rather than let the cat out of the bag, he made up his mind to pocket the *shave* and keep shady, not even "letting on to his partner," who in the course of the following week returned from Gotham, evidently feeling as fine as silk, about something or other.

"Well, what's new in New York—got hold of anything rich?" was the first interrogatory.

"Hi-i-i-sh! close the door!" was the reply, indicating something very important on the *tapis*.

"So; my dear fellow, I've got a concern, now, that will put the sixpennies to sleep as sound as rocks!"

"No. What have you started in Gotham?"

"Exactly. If you don't own up the corn, that the idea is grand—immense—I'll knock under."

"Good! I'm glad—particularly glad you've found something new and startling," responded the other.

"Well, what is it?"

"Great!—wonderful!—*Carrier Pigeons!*"

"What! Pigeons?"

"*Pigeons!*"

"You don't pretend to say that—"

"Yes, sir, all arranged—luckiest fellows alive, we are—"

"Well, but—"

"Oh, don't be uneasy—I fixed it."

"Well, I'm hanged if this isn't rich!" muttered his partner, sticking his digits into his trowserloons—biting his lips and staming around.

"Rich! *elegant!* In two weeks we'll be flying our birds and—"

"Flying! Why, do you—"

"Ha! ha! I knew I'd astonish you; Tom insisted on my keeping perfectly *mum*, until things were in regular working order; he then set the boys to work—we have large cages on top of the building—"

"Come up on top of this building," said the partner, solemnly. "There, do you see that bundle of laths and stuff?"

"Why—why, you don't pretend to say that—"

"I do exactly; a scamp came along here a week ago—talked nothing but Carrier Pigeons—Pigeon Expresses—I thought I'd surprise you, and—"

"Well, well—go on."

"And by thunder I was green enough to give the fellow $200—a horse and wagon—"

"Done! *done!*" roared the other, without waiting for further particulars—"$200 and a horse and wagon—just what Tom and I gave the scamp! ha! ha! ha!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" and the publishers roared under the force of the *joke*.

Whatever became of the pigeon express man is not distinctly known; but he is supposed to have given up the bird business, and gone into the manufacture of woolly horses and cod-liver oil.

THE BELT WHICH ONCE THE CHAMPION BRAC'D.

AIR—"*The Harp that once in Tara's Halls.*"

The Belt which once the Champion brac'd
When boxing honor reigned,
In modern times has been disgraced,
And all its glory stain'd;
For he, whose pugilistic fame
Each Fancy Bard should sing,
Now hides his head in conscious shame,
And banish'd from the Ring.

Tom Cribb, thy manly form no more,
In fight we shall behold;
But matchless were thy deeds of yore,
As generous as bold:
Base acts your gallant spirit spurned,
And manfully you dealt,
And honestly, though hardly, earn'd
The English Champion's Belt.

Thy praise shall long resound afar,
The Champion long wert thou,
And honor was thy leading star,
And triumph deck'd thy brow;
But glory now is on the wane,
The Fancy in despair—
When shall we see thy like again,
The Champion's Belt to wear!

CHECKED PERSPIRATION.

There are two kinds of perspiration, *sensible* and *insensible*. When we see drops of water on the surface of the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is *sensible perspiration*, perspiration recognized by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water-drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by a certain softness of the skin, that is *insensible* perspiration, and is gentle that it may be checked to a very considerable extent without special injury. But to use popular language which cannot be mistaken, when a man is sweating freely, and it is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a very few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result.

What, then, checks perspiration? A draft of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or getting the clothing wet and remaining at rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed and going to an open window or door has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, hoisted the window, the cold chilled her in a moment. From that hour until her death a quarter of a century later, she never saw a well day.

A young lady went to her window in her night clothes to look at something in the street, leaning her unprotected arms on the stone window-sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid, and will remain so for life.

Sir Thomas Colby being in a profuse sweat one night happened to remember that he had left the key of his wine cellar on the parlor table, and, fearing his servants might improve the inadvertence and drink some of his wine, he left his bed, walked down stairs, the sweating process was checked, from which he died in a few days, leaving six millions of dollars in English funds. His illness was so brief and violent that he had no opportunity to make his will, and his immense property was divided among five or six day-laborers who were his nearest relatives.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this: When you are perspiring freely, *keep in motion* until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

CALEB QUOTEM.

SUNG BY MR. WILSON, AT MOUNT VERNON GARDEN.

I'm parish-clerk and sexton here;
My name is Caleb Quotem:
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer:
In short, I am Factotum.
I make a watch—I mend the pumps;
For plumber's work my knack is:
I physic sell—I cure the mumps;
I tombstones cut—I cut the rumps
Of little school-boy Jackies.
Geography is my delight;
Ballads—epitaphs I write;
Almanacks I can indite;
Graves I dig, compact and tight.
At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cock,
When my day's work is done, and all over—
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs Quotem, in clover.
With my amen,
Gaymen,
Rum Quotem,
Factotum;
Putty and lead;
Stumps, mumps,
Bumps, rumps,
Mortar he thumps;
Jogging, flogging,
Signy-post daubery,
Split-crow or Strawberry,
Chimery, rhimery,
Liquerish, stickorish,
Chizzle tomb,
Frizzle comb.
Going! a-going!
Squills,
Pills,
Song inditing,
Epitaph writing,
Steeple sound,
Corps to ground:
Windsor soap,
Physic the Pope;
Home hop,
Shut up shop;
Punch-bowl crockery;
Wind up clockery.
Many small articles make up a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum;
And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem O!

ORIGINAL TITLES OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

The Hystorie of Henrie the Fourthe, wythe the Battayle of Shrewsburie, betweene the Kynge and the Lorde Henrie Hotspurre, of the Northe, wythe the merrie-conceyted Veyne of Syr Johnne Falstaffe. 1592, 1599, 1602, 1622.

An excellente conceyted Tragedie of *Romeo and Juliette*, wythe the wranglynge of the two famouse Houses of Mountague and Capulette. 1593, 1597, 1599.

The moste lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*, wythe the Death of wicked Aaron, the Black Moore. 1595, 1603, 1611.

The Seconde Parte of *Kynge Henrie the Fourthe* contaynynge unto his Deathe, and Coronatione of Henrie the 5th, wythe the Humours of Syr Johnne Falstaffe and the Swaggeryng Pistol. 1595, 1597, 1600.

A moste pleasaunte Comedie, called *A Midsummer Night's Dreame*, wythe the Freakes of the Fayries. 1595, 1600, 1610.

A moste pleasaunte, excellente-conceyted Comedie of *Syr Johnne Falstaffe*, the fat Knight, wythe the quainte Conceits of the Merrie Wives of Windsor, intermix'd wythe sundrie Humours of Syr Hugh, the Welsh Parson, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin Mr. Abraham Slender, wythe the swaggerying Vaine of Ancient Pistol and Corporal Nym: wythe Dr. Caius, his Frenche Figaries. 1596, 1598.

A pleasaunte-conceyted Comedie, call'd *Love his Labour loste*, as it was presented before her Highnesse (Queene Elizabethe) the last Christmas, newly corrected and augmented. 1597, 1598.

The excellente and true Historie of *The Merchaunte of Venice*, wythe the extreme Cruelties of Shylocke the Jew, towards the Merchaunte Antonio, and the obtayninge of Portia the ryche Heyre, by the choyce of three Caskets. 1597, 1598, 1600, 1603.

The Tragedie of *Kynge Richard the* 3d, contayninge his treacherous Plottes against his Brother Clarence, and the Murther of his innocente Nephewes in the Tower; wythe the whole Course of his detestide Lyfe, and his most deserved Deathe, slaine by Henrie Earle of Richmonde, in the bloudie Bataylle of Bosworthe Fielde, in Lestershire. 1597, 1598, (with alterations,) 1602, 1609.

The true Chronicle of *Kynge Henrie the* 8th, wythe the costlie Coraonatione of Queene Anne Bulleyne, the Cunninge of Cardinal Woolsay, wythe his Disgrace and Deathe, wythe the Byrthe and Chrystianing of our gracious Princess Elizabethe. 1597.

The true and wonderful Chronicle Historie of *Leare Kynge of Englande*, wythe his lyfe and deathe, with the unfortunate lyfe of Edgar heyre to the Earle of Gloster and and his sullen and assumed humor of *Tom a Bedlame*. 1598, 1608.

A wittie and pleasaunte comedie, called the *Taminge of the Shrewe*. 1598—1607, 1608, (there are great alterations in the two last editions of this comedie.)

Hamlet Prince of Denmarke his Tragedie, wythe his just revenge on the adulturous *Kynge Claudius* and the poysoning of the *Queene Gertrude*, 1599, 1605, 1609.

The true Chronicle Historie of *Henrie the 5th*, wythe the famous and memorable battayle of *Agincourte* his espousal wythe the Princess of France, wythe the Valiante humoures and conceits of the Welsh Captain Fluellyn, 1599, 1607, 1611.

The famous and Excellente Historie of *Troilus and Cresida*, expressinge their loves beginninge wythe the conceyted wooinge of *Pandarus* Prince of *Lycia*, the reckless wars and sackings of Troy, 1600, 1607, 1611.

The Tragedie of *Macbethe*, shewinge how by treacherie and manifold murders, he obtain'd the crown of *Scotland* wythe his well deserved deathe, 1605.

Othello the Moore of Venice wythe his deathe and strangling the fair *Desdemona*, 1606, 1613.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The number of languages spoken in the world amount to 3064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seven years: one-half before reaching seventeen; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human species. Of every 1000 persons only one reached 100 years of life; of every 100, only six reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the whole earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3730 every hour; and 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and idustrious character. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chance of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age than men, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 100 individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes—that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequently by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

Sir Philip Sydney defines health in the following words: "Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care."